

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



HANGING UP THE MISTLETOE.
DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., at Eggesford House, North Devon, the Lady Rosamond Christie, of a son.

On the 14th inst., at Dalmeny Park; the Countess of Rosebery, of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 16th inst., at Bishop's Court, Llandaff, the Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, after an episcopate of thirty-three years, in the 85th year of his age.

On the 12th inst., at The Rectory, Eastergate, Sussex, the Rev. John Phillips Roberts, M.A., Rector of Eastergate, and Minor Canon of Chichester Cathedral, in his 84th year.

On the 11th inst., at Northampton, Elizabeth Tilley, only daughter of the late Matthew Woodfield, Esq., of Durham, aged 50.

On the 14th inst., at The Castle, Durrow, Queen's County, Ireland, Henry Jeffrey Flower, Viscount Ashbrook, aged 53.

On the 16th inst., at 116 bis, Champs Elysées, Paris, the Dowager Lady Ashburton, aged 70.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

A.L. EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Thursday, Dec. 28, except those issued for a less distance than ten miles.

The Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued on Dec. 23 will be available up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 27.

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LYRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

(French).

LES NOCES DE FIGARO.

LE PAIDON DE FLOEMEL.

FAUST.

VIOLETTA.

MIGNON.

GALATHEE.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

LE DOMINO NOIR.

LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.

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Madame MANOUH.

Madame STUARD.

Monsieur MAUREL.

Monsieur TALAZAC.

Monsieur DUFRIEHE.

Monsieur PLANCON.

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MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

TO LONDON.

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NEW STORY BY WILLIAM BLACK.

In the First Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

for the New Year will be commenced a New Story,

entitled "YOLANDE," by WILLIAM BLACK, Author of

"A Daughter of Helh," "The Princess of Thule,"

"MacLeod of Dare," "Sunrise," &c.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

On the threshold of Christmas we offer cordial greetings to our readers. If we are not destined this year to see a Christmas of the old-fashioned sort, few people will repine, and the sum of enjoyment will probably be augmented. A holiday that lasts from Saturday to Wednesday will be the more welcome to the scattered members of families looking forward to a happy reunion, if railways are not blocked up by snow-drifts, and the skyey influences should not forbid locomotion. There are abundant signs that the rest and enjoyments of the season will be very widely diffused. Trade is, on the whole, active and prosperous. We have to deplore no industrial conflicts, no commercial paralysis, no agricultural depression. Though, to a considerable extent, distress prevails in Ireland, the outlook in that country, is quite cheerful compared with that of the Christmas of 1881. Then agrarian outrages were of daily occurrence; and though the prisons were filled with suspects, the law was almost powerless to cope with social anarchy. Now such crimes are few and far between. Almost daily retribution is being meted out by courageous Judges and jurors to miscreants whose deeds of blood date back many months, and whose tardy but sure punishment is exercising a most wholesome moral effect upon the population generally. But we forbear to dwell upon so sombre a theme. There are plentiful reasons for devout thankfulness as well as for indulgence in practical sympathy. Those who are blessed with abundance have the privilege at this season of giving play to generous feelings, and dispensing the comforts of life with a liberal hand to their less fortunate neighbours and fellow-countrymen; and it is certain that the enjoyments of Christmas will find their purest and richest flavour in the

consciousness of having remembered the poor and needy, and for a time, at least, lifted the gloom that would otherwise have overshadowed them.

Just now, politics are naturally somewhat at a discount. Mr. Gladstone, whose illustrious career and services to his country have, during the past week, been the theme of unstinted and generous eulogies even by those who differ from him, is seeking at Hawarden such a respite from the cares of state as can be enjoyed by a Prime Minister whose person has to be shielded against the possible attacks of cowardly assassins. The reconstruction of his Cabinet has been partially completed. Lord Derby, whose accession to the Secretaryship for India was generally expected, has, for some occult reason, been placed at the head of the Colonial Department, and Lord Kimberley assumes the control of the affairs of our Eastern Empire, with which, up to the present time, he has had no practical experience. Mr. Childers will be a safe and laborious, if not a brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is to be replaced at the War Office by Lord Hartington, who will find in that arduous sphere abundant scope for his administrative energies. A place in the Cabinet has still to be found for Sir Charles Dilke, who will not, apparently, be invited to the vacant and easy position of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Probably after the Christmas holidays there will be a further shifting of offices with a view to secure the administrative services of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in a higher sphere, and to adjust conflicting claims.

An inspired German newspaper has propounded a Christmas puzzle, which the Continental press is feverishly attempting to solve. It has even created something like a panic in Vienna, to allay which required the intervention of the Government. Why has Prince Bismarck caused it to be made known at the present moment that the defensive alliance with Austria is an authoritative written document, and not a mere understanding? All are agreed as to the significance of the fact. Some papers tell of warlike preparations in Poland, and of the construction of strategic railway lines in the direction of the Austrian frontier. But can the Czar be preparing for war in the depth of a Siberian winter? The question, in truth, answers itself. It is to be remembered that M. de Giers, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, a man of pacific sentiments, has lately visited the German Chancellor on his way to Rome, and no doubt exchanged with him satisfactory assurances. But during his absence from St. Petersburg the Pan Slavists, headed by General Ignatieff—always a powerful and aggressive if not popular party in Russia—have been endeavouring to regain their ascendancy. The publication of the fact that the alliance between Germany and Austria is of a binding character seems to be simply a warning to these restless agitators, and a hint to their Imperial Master of the serious consequences of yielding to them. No doubt it will suffice. Any attempt to reopen the Eastern Question in Bulgaria, where Russia is striving hard to retain her ascendancy, or in Constantinople, where the vagaries of the Sultan create much concern, will be opposed by the two Central Powers of Europe, united now as heretofore. The quiet, dexterous action of Prince Bismarck has already allayed disquietude, and it is safe to predict that the subjects of each of the Three Emperors will enjoy their Christmas festivities without being disturbed by war's alarms.

Our French neighbours are not unobservant of these events, and they take occasion to insist anew, and with emphasis, upon the value of a cordial understanding—it has never been in the nature of a formal alliance—between France and England, and they consider that their wishes have been strengthened by the entrance of Lord Derby into the British Cabinet. This manifestation of opinion has had a beneficial effect in allaying international asperities. Serious as are the differences between the two Governments, they are now regarded with a more placid spirit. It is plain that the French Ministers are anxious for an arrangement of Egyptian differences, though it has not yet been found; and that they shrink from proposing active measures for the conquest of Tonquin, which is now giving place to a joint expedition with China to put down piracy. There are signs, too, that the monstrous demands made upon the Queen of Madagascar, which, though bolstered up by interested journals, have failed to arouse popular sympathy, are being looked at in a new light. In French official circles there is a party in favour of—to put it mildly—colonial expansion, and a party that prefers internal development; and, as the latter is headed by President Grévy, some hope may be indulged that the sounder policy will prevail and the Gambettist filibusters be kept in check. Although the Chauvinists angrily resent British sympathy with the Malagasy people—which has been exhibited during the past week in the cordial reception given to their Envoys by her Majesty, the ovation at Fishmongers' Hall, and during their visit to the camp at Aldershot—the French nation in general will, we trust, be slow to encourage an adventure which is universally reprobated on this side the Channel, and might result in a troublesome guerrilla war with an inoffensive and improving African race, whose island home could not be conquered without a great strain on the resources of France, and whose independence ought to be respected by the civilised world.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Christmas is coming, rather tamely and cheerlessly, it must be admitted, in Rome. On the subject of plum-pudding my mind is at ease. At the hotel where we are staying they have a very excellent recipe for the Christmas dainty in question; and I have even heard dark and distant rumours of forthcoming mince-pies. Besides, I am so fortunate as to have, in the Corso, an esteemed English friend, who is a distinguished ornament to the medical profession, and who, albeit he has just relinquished professional practice, will be happy, I feel sure, to "see me through," if there be anything amiss with the pudding.

But it is the prospective pudding-eaters that I miss. There is no use in mincing the matter (I cannot get those impending pies out of my head); Rome is not nearly so full of English visitors as it properly should be at this season of the year. I am told that they are coming from Florence, from Naples, from Sicily, from the Riviera; but they don't come—at least not in sufficient numbers to make Anglo-Rome lively, and to gladden the hearts of the Roman hotel-keepers. The Via Condotti is comparatively deserted, and the tramp of the British tourist (I should know his boots among a thousand) is rarely heard on the Piazza di Spagna. Some say that it is the Egyptian business that keeps the English visitors away. Others declare that it is the weather.

Nor is the American contingent in very full force. I bow before the portentous presence at the table d'hôte of Professor Benassus from Koshkosh, Michigan, who is nightly good enough to inform us that the Kalendar was reformed by Julius Caesar, fifty years before the Christian era; that the work of Creation is never ending, still beginning; and that the era of universal electricity is coming when we shall have no winter, nor autumn, nay, nor spring, but perpetual summer. But I want other Americans in addition to the Professor and his following. I yearn for Silver Kings who will drive four-in-hand on the Pincio, and Pork and Grain Kings who will hold midnight picnics in the Coliseum and illumine the gigantic ruins with Bengal lights. I want Railway Kings from California, and Petroleum Kings from Pennsylvania. Anglo-Rome wants such potentates, too.

The shops in the Corso and the Via Nazionale are, it is true, doing their best to usher in the festive season in an appropriate style. There is an establishment called "Old England" in the last-named thoroughfare, where everything British, from Balbriggan hosiery and macintoshes to stationery and workboxes can be obtained. In the Corso the toy-shops are very grand, and of the little nude waxen dolls, prepared in view of the coming "Natale," the name is legion; but they, happily, concern the natives as well as the foreigners. Among the toys, I have been especially struck by the multiplicity of carts drawn by carved effigies of goats. These, I should say, are strictly of Roman and not, like the majority of the *bibels* exhibited, of Parisian manufacture. I judge so, from the goats, the upper parts of whose limbs are thick with hair while their lower limbs are mere stumps of raw wood. They look like so many four-legged figures of Pan. The living effigy of the two-legged Pan, in his goat-skin *brachesse*, you may still see any day driving in their carts from the Campagna.

I mentioned last week the "Proverbi Latini Illustrati" of Signore Alto Vannucci (Milan: Brigola and Co., 1880). Some ripe English scholar with a special bent for proverb lore should fully open up this mine of rare erudition (the first volume, I am glad to say, has come to hand) for the benefit of English students of that which has been, with peculiar fitness, called "the wisdom of the People." For it is the poor who make the proverbs. No rich man would have invented the Spanish equivalent for our "Set a beggar on horseback": "Quanto mas el ximio sube, tanto mas su cola deseubre"—the higher the monkey climbs the more you see of his tail.

Vannucci gives several equivalents for our "Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," Americanised as "Photographers oughtn't to heave bricks." The French say, "Butterhead should not turn baker." The Italians have, "He with a glass head had best keep indoors when it hails." The "Minga" (Milanese) locution warns the waxen-headed not to stare at the sun." For the Horatian "Sua vineta cadere," Vannucci finds at least a dozen equivalents, including the "Begin with your own house" of the Greeks, the "Let every man sweep the snow before his own door and never mind his neighbours" of the Chinese, and the "Sweep yourself before you sweep others" of the Germans. But all these the compiler traces to the prime maxim of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, "Gnothi seauton"—know thyself.

On the other hand, a wise Roman friend brings me a proverb which I have not yet found in Vannucci, and which to me is altogether new: "The widower who marries again does not deserve to have lost his first wife." "Deserve" is exquisite. Here, too, is a capital (and very ancient) French proverb: "L'Egyptienne dict la bonne fortune à autrui, et la malheureuse ne cognoist la sienne" (the gipsy who tells the cook-maid's fortune knows not that Policeman X is waiting round the corner to "run her in").

In re the "Langtry Bang." A lady correspondent (J. M., Edinburgh) is so truly kind as to send me a recipe for manufacturing the tribute to the Graces above named furnished to her by a friend who has just come home from Australia *via* San Francisco.

To make the "bang" you must begin by dividing your front hair at half-inch distances, from ear to ear, combing the rest back. Then take hold of a strand of the front hair, pull it well forward, and gum it carefully. Next catch it down with the comb to the forehead and jerk the end violently back, so as to leave a little front loop. The process is repeated until the whole front hair has been successfully "banged." The ends are then concealed under the back hair, which is then "erected" in the style most in fashion, with or without a "switch" or tail of false hair.

The gum used for fastening the "bang" is a Japanese preparation much in vogue among the Hakodadi ladies for the purpose of varnishing their paper-padded chignons. Whence "bang"? Mr. Cremer, junior, used to sell a toy-game of Japanese origin called, I think, "Go, Bang!" Had this "bang" anything to do with the gum alluded to by my fair correspondent? In any case, the Australian-Californian-Edinburgh recipe has much exercised me. The word haunted me, and I found myself humming "My Mother bids me Bang—instead of Bind—my Hair." Cynics might growl that at the time when Haydn wrote his beautiful ballad English mothers would have "banged" their daughters had they found them plastering their hair to their foreheads with Japanese gum. But the cynics would have been wrong, as they generally are. Compare a curious passage in Aubrey on English domestic manners in the seventeenth century, and you will find how English boys and girls, with their hair virtually "banged" (but with another kind of gum) "by the cupboard side" stood in the presence of "their proud fathers and mothers." It is far from improbable that Cecilia Metella, to whose old tomb on the Appian Way we mostly drive when the weather is tolerable, used to "bang" her hair in some way or another. Byron, you will remember, was not quite positive on the subject—

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey
On her long tresses, which might long recall
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed.

But the mention of the "Capo di Bove"—of "the stern round tower of other days," warns me that I am treading on dangerous ground. When I came hither I promised to be reticent as to the old stones of Rome—to eliminate from my communications all undue reference to the Baths of Caracalla, the Forum Boarium, and the Temple of Mars Ultor. Is there any bore the length of whose tusks and the pertinacity of whose grunt equals that of the Roman Bore? I think not.

It may, nevertheless, not be an act of wanton boring to hint that I was lately privileged to be present at one of the meetings of the German Archaeological Institute of Rome—the most important and the usefulest association of the kind in Italy. This body owes its origin to the munificence of the late King Frederick William of Prussia, and is maintained in a princely manner by the existing Government of the German Empire. It has a noble library, and is the rendezvous, not only of archaeologists, architects, artists, and classical scholars from the Fatherland, but of students and savants from all countries. The official language of the transactions is Italian.

On the afternoon on which I was present the German Ambassador was in the chair, and seemed to take the keenest interest in the proceedings, which comprised the reading of a very erudite paper on the supposed site of a pedagogic establishment for the education of the Imperial pages. I confess that, coming away from the *séance* of the institute, attended as it was by some of the most illustrious scholars in Europe, and, remembering that a few mornings since I visited the Royal Spanish Academy by San Picho in Mentorio, and saw the *pensionnaires* of the Spanish Government, in their spacious and well-appointed studios, busy over noble works in painting and sculpture—and remembering, too, that I am promised access to a cognate institution maintained by the French Government at the Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill—I was filled with a feeling of profound shame and mortification at the knowledge that the British Government does nothing whatever for the furtherance of art and of archaeology in the capital of both—and of the world besides—Rome. It is here that an Englishman is most frequently and most bitterly reminded that he belongs to a nation of shopkeepers, and that it is not the business of her Majesty's Representative in the most famous and most interesting city in the world to move a finger for the encouragement of archaeology or art, or even to extend common courtesy to the representatives of English art and letters who visit Rome. In the good time coming—it is very long in coming, but it will come—British Ambassadors abroad will be drawn from the useful and not from the ornamental classes; and then, perhaps, we shall have a British Archaeological Institute in the Eternal City, as nobly endowed and as generously conducted as that which does so much honour to the German Government.

On the other hand, I have been to a few English studios in Rome—notably to that of the Cavaliere Henry Cook, in the Palazzo Roccagiovane in the Forum of Trajan, who is sending to the International Roman Exposition of Art and Industry, which opens early in the new year, an admirable picture of the courtyard of a Venetian monastery, and some beautiful studies of mountainous landscape, full of light and colour, from the Engadine. Also have I spent an afternoon in the studios of Mr. Warrington Wood, at his charming villa—the beau ideal of a sculptor's home—hard by the Lateran. Here I was shown the marble bust, a most excellent and lifelike likeness, of the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, M.P., which was on the point of being packed for transmission, *via* Naples, to Australia. Mr. Warrington Wood has also in progress a singularly beautiful composition, life-size, and in marble, of Ruth and Naomi. You are familiar, I hope, with the lovely melody to which the "Entreat Me Not to Leave Thee" verses are set. That melody—I think I knew the composer ever so many years ago—rose up before me, very softly and sweetly, as I looked upon the Ruth and Naomi, in the quiet studio, all girt with cypress and cactus and prickly pear, hard by the Lateran.

Mem.: Beyond the phantoms of old memories, inexpressibly dear to me, I found no "ghosts" in Mr. Warrington Wood's studio. But, coming back to the Inghilterna, I must needs hunger for my *Times* to read the last instalment of the Belt

case. Remarkable oyer of plasticity. There is no contempt of court in making *that* remark, I hope. I did not precisely run away from the Belt case as I ran away from the Royal Review and the opening of the Law Courts, for I duly answered to my subpoena, and was mercifully permitted to depose to what little I knew about the matter early in the November sittings; yet it was not without a feeling of joyful relief and gratitude that I found that the "silver streak" was between me and the awful array of plaster casts which I had looked down upon from the witness-box in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Bust of Heliogabalus handed up. Bust of Jack the Painter handed up. Bust of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Virorum handed up. Avaunt, horrible phantoms of a Glyptotheca run mad!

Still, I take it, are the art-loving public under a distinct and deep obligation to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Birch, A.R.A., for two several utterances of theirs made in the course of the trial. The accomplished President incidentally defined the difference between the tracing from a drawing and the drawing itself as being similar to the variation between a tune ground on a barrel-organ and that executed by manipulative skill on a musical instrument. The definition was needed, since, in our own time, the tracings of a well-known English caricaturist deceased have been sold as things possessing rare artistic merit; and an illustrious English art-critic was found to be so good natured as to say that these tracings (which might have been executed by a sharp parlour-maid) reminded him of the silver-point outlines made by some great master of the Renaissance.

Mr. Birch, A.R.A., did equal service to the cause of artistic accuracy. He was asked in the course of his examination whether he was the author of the "Griffin" surmounting the equivocal structure put up (at a cost of eleven thousand guineas) on the site of Temple Bar. The able sculptor promptly replied that "he did not know the gentleman." He went on to explain that the effigy commonly and erroneously called the Griffin was, in reality, an heraldic Dragon, which from time immemorial has been one of the supporters of the arms of the City of London. Mr. Birch modelled his Dragon according to the scheme prepared by Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect; and from the point of view of heraldic propriety there is nothing whatever to be said against the proportions of the civic Dragon; but, artistically considered, the beast would have been more picturesque had it been modelled in accordance with the lines of the monster in our "Dragon sovereign," or with those of the portentous reptile drawn by Moritz Retsch, in his illustrations to Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon." It remains to be seen whether the British public will persist in its ignorant and obstinate conviction that the Fleet-street Dragon is a Griffin. My own belief is that, in matters of prejudice, the British public is incorrigible.

Philadelphia, I read, with edified interest, has come to the front with a new Society, the avowed object of which is to wage a bitter and unrelenting war against cigarette smoking. The ladies of the Quaker city are the prime movers in this crusade; and they have registered a solemn vow not to kiss, in future, any man, young or old, who indulges in the "dissipation" of cigarette smoking. Whether cigar smoking is included in the taboo, I do not know. Philadelphia has often been called the City of Brotherly Love; but to all seeming, so far as smokers are concerned, it will be no longer the City of Sisterly Love. But how will it be if the young men of Philadelphia register a vow not to waltz with any young lady who "improves her complexion" by means of violet powder or of prepared chalk? Do you remember Grévin's caricature of the tall and indignant Englishman who has been escorting a shortish French lady to the Concerts des Champs Elysées? He points to his shoulder, which has apparently come in contact with a sack of flour, and exclaims "Voyez, Madame, la face de vô, il avait tout maquillé le bras de moà."

On the other hand, the *Boston Journal* has collected some sufficiently curious statistics bearing on the use of tobacco among mere children in the States. According to some of the teachers who have been questioned on the subject, the average of school-boys who smoke is as high as fifty per cent. Other teachers, however, only place the percentage of boy smokers at about forty. It is stated as a curious fact that, with the exception of the extremely rich and the extremely poor, the boys, as a rule, smoke without the knowledge or consent of their parents. The rich parents urge that they are unable to prevent the practice, and the poor parents are wholly indifferent on the subject.

As regards England, it seems to me that it is high time for the Lord Chamberlain to put his foot down very sternly indeed for the purpose of stamping out the nuisance of tobacco smoke both before and behind the curtain. That smoking in a place set apart for the purpose is *not, per se*, dangerous is proved by the experience of scores of music-halls, hundreds of tavern parlours and billiard-rooms in England, and thousands of cafés on the Continent. But a theatre is precisely the place in which smoking should not, under any circumstances, be permitted. Over and over again I have protested against the growing custom (founded on some idiotic idea of "realism") of actors puffing at cigars and cigarettes on the stage; and not less offensive, destructive of good manners, and provocative of peril from fire, is the smoking which prevails between the acts in our theatres. Knots of gaunt and cadaverous young men in evening dress crowd in holes and corners entered from the refreshment-buffet, or congregate on the very staircase of the theatre, puffing their abominable fumes in the faces of ladies and children. The nuisance ought to be put down, with the strongest of hands; and if the managers will not abate it, the Lord Chamberlain ought to interfere. I say this as an old and confirmed smoker; but I hold that smoker to be an unworthy disciple of Doctor Nicot who has not sufficient muscle of mind to refrain from the fascinating vice for, say, three hours "on a stretch." One of the chief charms of a cigar is the having been debarred from its enjoyment during a certain time. The deprivation serves to nourish Hope in the smoker's breast. "When this confounded play is over," you murmur to yourself, "what a prodigious regulin I will light up!"

G. A. S.

THE HON. SIR W. J. CLARKE, BART.

This gentleman, upon whom the Queen has recently conferred a baronetcy, is styled "the Hon." as a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria. He is one of the wealthiest men in the Australian colonies, having inherited, eight or nine years ago, a fortune of two or three millions sterling from his father, Mr. W. J. T. Clarke, who, foreseeing the future prosperity of Port Phillip, had early secured an enormous tract of land not far from Melbourne. In addition to his large and valuable estate at Sunbury, forty miles from that city, Sir William Clarke is interested in extensive pastoral properties in Riverina, Queensland, and New Zealand. He has not only proved himself a liberal landlord to his numerous tenantry at Dowling Forest, near Ballarat, and at Lancefield, but has done much to promote an improved system of agriculture amongst the farmers generally. A few years ago he subscribed £10,000 towards the building fund of the cathedral at Melbourne, and has subsequently increased his donation. When the Indian famine was prevailing he headed the Victorian Relief Fund, which amounted to nearly £100,000, by a subscription of several thousands. He has presented the Melbourne National Gallery with four splendid marble life-size statues of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the work of the late Mr. Summers. Sir W. Clarke has not taken a very prominent part in political life, but for some years he has occupied an elective seat in the Legislative Council. He was President of the Melbourne International Exhibition of 1880, and his hospitality will, no doubt, be remembered by many English visitors. Sir W. Clarke and his family have only just returned to Victoria after a long visit to England and the Continent. A few years ago, he paid all the expenses of a lecturer on Chemical Agriculture from Scotland to deliver lectures in different parts of the colony upon the best method of working the agricultural lands. Before leaving England, on Sept. 14

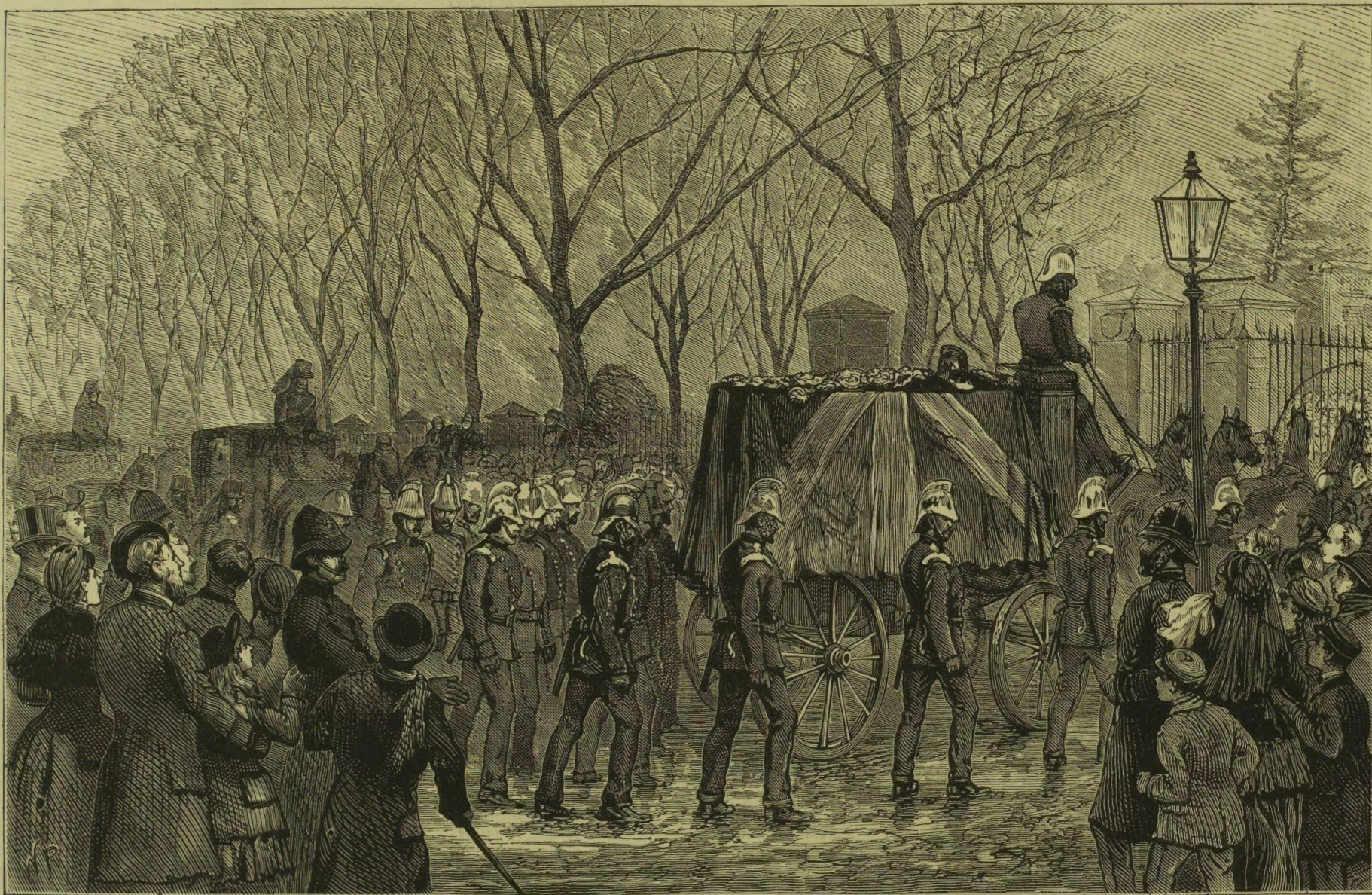


THE HON. SIR W. J. CLARKE, BART.,
OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

last, Sir William handed Dr. Grove a cheque for three thousand guineas for a scholarship for the Royal College of Music, to be called the "Southern Scholarship." Sir William, who is now in his fiftieth year, has been twice married; the present Lady Clarke is the eldest daughter of the late Peter Snedgrass, Esq., at one time a prominent member of the Victoria Legislative Assembly.

THE FIRE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The funeral of the unfortunate fireman, Thomas George Ashford, aged thirty-five, officers' assistant, who was killed at the burning of the Alhambra Theatre, took place at Highgate Cemetery. The deceased was attached to the station at head-quarters, Southwark-bridge-road, and from that point the procession was formed. It was headed by 250 constables of the M division of police, under Superintendent Harnett; 150 of the G division, under Superintendent Fidge, and 70 of the C division, under Superintendent Dunlop, each having their bands. Then came the engine, drawn by four horses, bearing the corpse, the coffin being covered with the Union Jack, on which was placed the helmet, belt, and axe of the deceased, the assistant officers acting as pall-bearers. The mourning coaches came next, followed by Captain Shaw, Mr. Simonds, second officer, and Mr. Phillips, chairman of the Fire Committee, Metropolitan Board of Works, and then came Superintendent Gatehouse, Superintendent Hamlyn, and Chief Engineer Port. The next to move were about 270 firemen of the different classes, a body of engineers, followed by Superintendent Palmer, Superintendent Campbell, and Engineer Hutchings. There were also included in the procession five manual engines, representatives of the Salvage Corps, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Puckett, local brigades, water companies' servants, and the Auxiliary brigade. Thousands of spectators thronged the line of route. At the district house at Clerkenwell the Union Jack was displayed

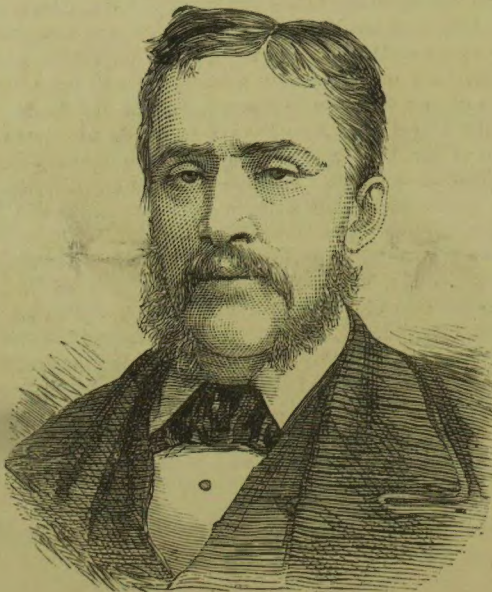


THE FIREMAN'S FUNERAL.

half-mast high. In front of the Clerkenwell Police Station about one hundred and fifty constables had formed a passage through which the procession passed, and all these men afterwards fell in at the rear. The proceedings at the cemetery were impressive. At the close of the service over the grave a circle was formed while the bands played "I will arise, and go to my Father." Several ladies contributed special tokens of regard, and there was a pretty wreath of appropriate flowers. We give an illustration of the scene at the funeral, and a Portrait of Fireman Ashford.

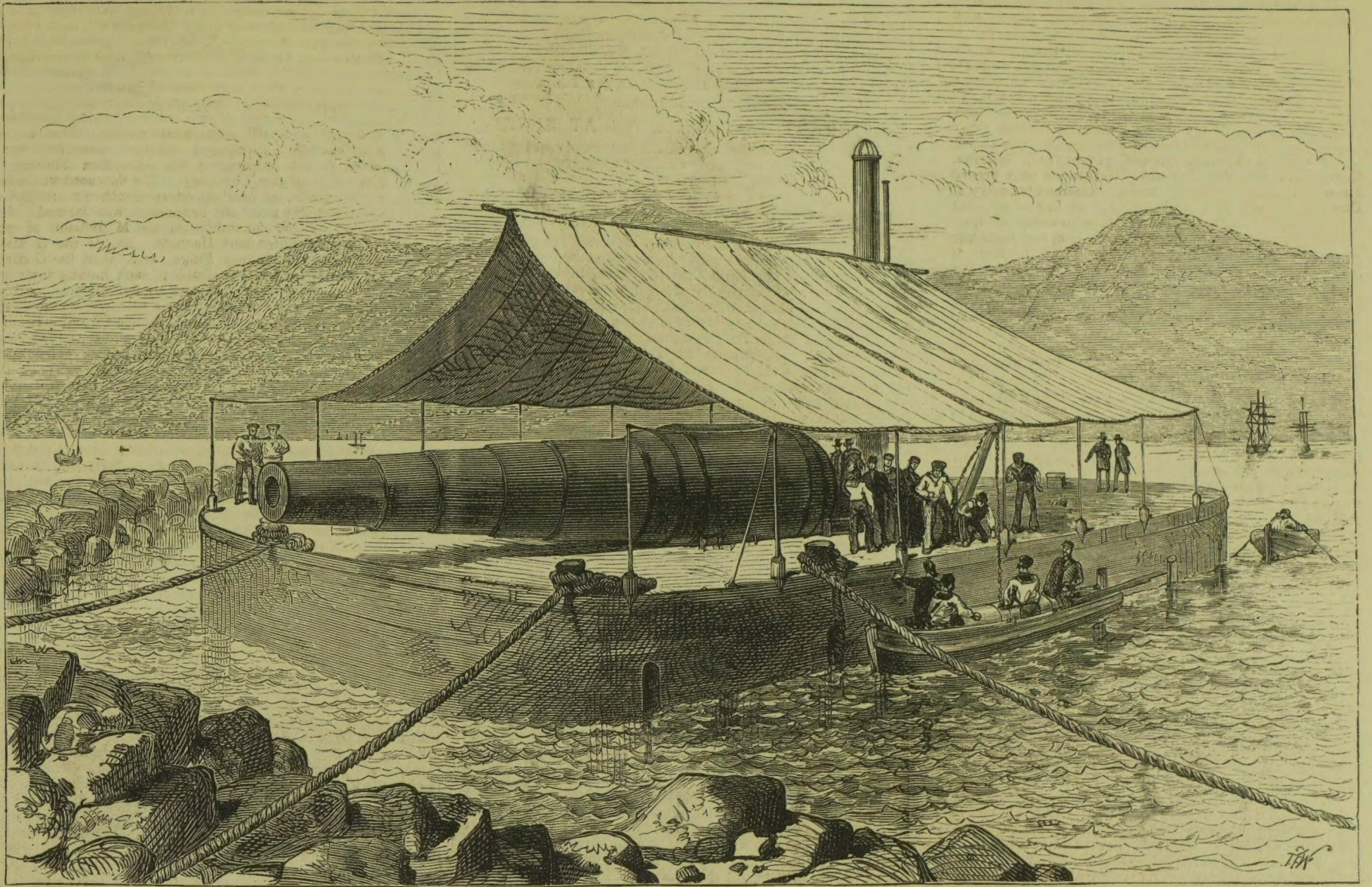
THE BAZAAR FOR BARNARDO'S HOMES.

At Willis's Rooms, on three successive evenings of last week—those of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—under distinguished and influential patronage, was held the "annual bazaar of useful and fancy articles," for the benefit of the several Homes for Destitute Children, in Stepney and other quarters of East London, with branches in the country and in Canada, which have been established by the well-known Dr. Barnardo. The rooms were brilliantly lighted for this occasion, by the Metropolitan "Brush" Electric Light Company; and the scene was one of entertaining variety, in the multiplicity of diverse objects exhibited for sale, and of lively social bustle among the amateur stall-keepers, the purchasers, and the spectators, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys of all ages, thronging to assist the work of charity by sharing the playful fun. Our Artist's

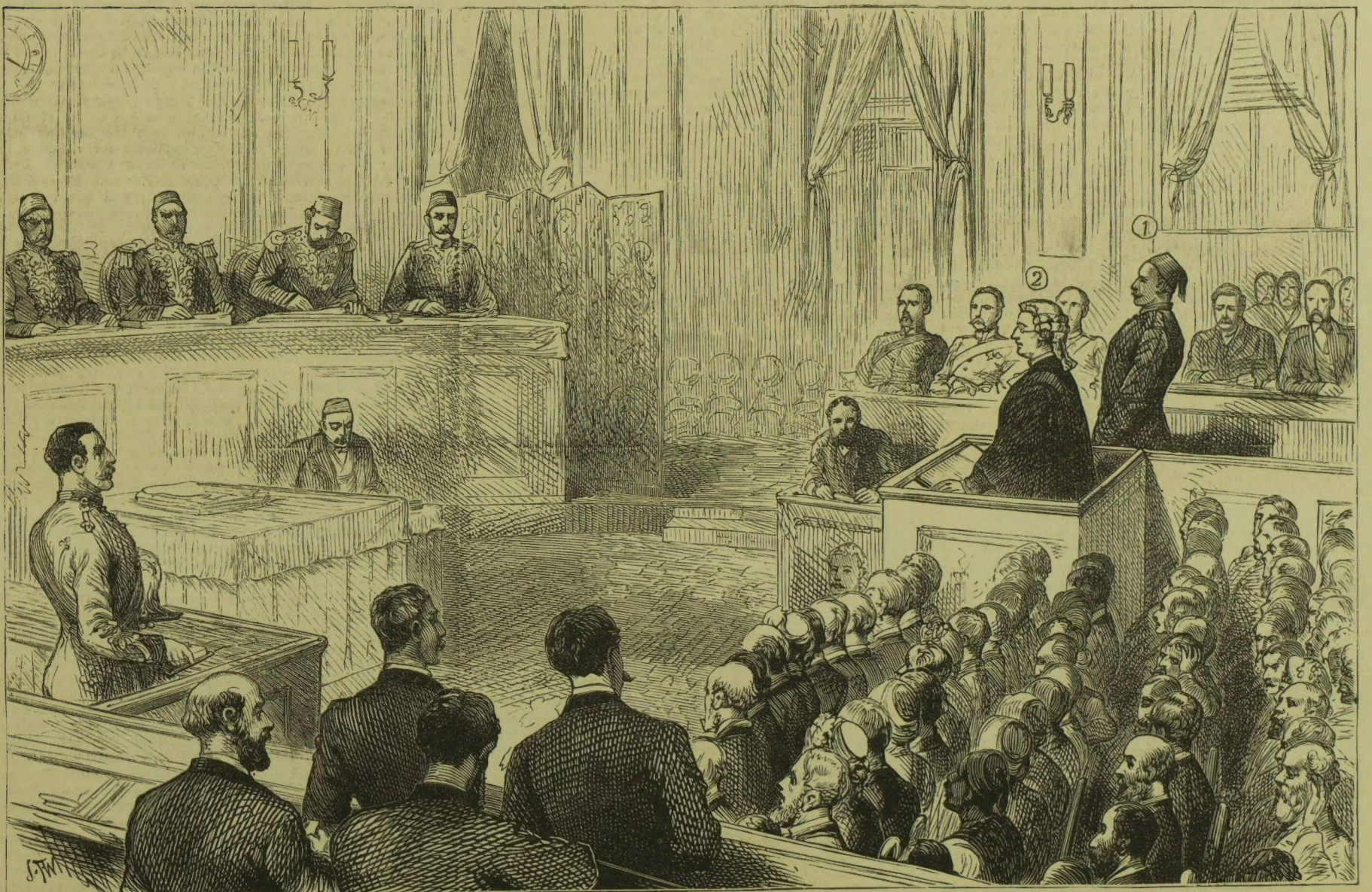


THOMAS GEORGE ASHFORD, FIREMAN,
KILLED AT THE BURNING OF THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Sketches will preserve some of the humorous and whimsical incidents of this Fancy Bazaar for the amusement of distant readers; who will admire not less the noble Christmas Tree, and the graceful statue of the Queen of Sheba, while they relish the fun of making pet animals, the little dogs and the monkey, and even the Brazilian rat, plead with imploring placards "for the good of the Poor Boys." It might indeed be said of the whole collection of living creatures, as of the human crowd, "We all want to help;" and in such a benevolent cause, where charming young persons beset the visitor on every hand, with flattering importunity beseeching the favour of his custom, it must have been very "hard to refuse." Some families were obliged to carry away loads of needle-work, dolls, toys, flowers, baskets, brushes, scent-bottles, pin-cushions, kittens, puppies, birds, and every other article that can possibly be imagined for sale at such a medley market. It ought to have produced a good round sum of money for the benefit of Barnardo's Homes; but we are sorry to learn, from an advertisement by the managers this week, that the Bazaar was, in a pecuniary sense, "not successful"; and they found it needful to hold a supplementary sale on Wednesday last, at the Edinburgh Castle, in Rhodeswell-road, near Burdett-road, Stepney, where it is to be hoped they were able to dispose of the remaining unsold articles. The opportunity of visiting that district of East London should have been taken with much goodwill by the numerous West-End readers of Mr. Walter Besant's delightful novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," a truthful picture of the locality and its curious social life.



NAVAL GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AT SPEZIA.



1. Arabi Pasha. 2. Mr. Broadley, counsel for the prisoner.

TRIAL OF ARABI PASHA BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN COURT-MARTIAL AT CAIRO.

HANGING UP THE MISTLETOE.

A very innocent little girl, not quite five years old, was once found to be under the mistaken apprehension that the sweet festival of "Kissmass," as she called it, was named and instituted as the proper time for kissing. This notion of the dear little Missy was derived from what she saw of the mystic use of the seasonable Mistletoe; a plant which, Caesar tells us, the Ancient Druids of Gaul and Britain held in religious veneration, cutting the twigs with ceremonial rites and incantations by the light of the full moon. The young ladies of Britain, in modern times, are not less aware of its virtues; and, in a house to be decorated for a Christmas evening party, where the staircase lamp affords convenience for suspending this significant vegetable above the heads of people going up and down, we know what they mean by it, and what they wish to get by it. In the case of that fair and frolicsome girl whom the Artist has figured on our front page, thus employed amidst the bustle of domestic preparations, we should be most willing to give a hint of the fact, and of her concern in its result, to a certain young gentleman who will presently arrive with the other invited guests. It will not be the fault of that young man if she is disappointed of the caress which she so well deserves, and the quality of which is like that of Shakspeare's Mercy:—

It is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives and her that takes.

THE TRIAL OF ARABI PASHA.

While the difficulties and dangers attending the problem of a settlement of the Egyptian Government question are still felt, both with regard to the claims of France and those of the Mohammedan population and of the Sultan, Arabi Pasha, the defeated and captive native leader, is about to be sent into exile to the British island of Ceylon. It has been found impossible to sustain any of the accusations of heinous crimes, massacre and incendiarism, which were loudly proclaimed against him during the late campaign; and since his able and zealous English counsel had gained possession of a large amount of documentary evidence proving the complicity of nearly all his Egyptian accusers and the connivance of his Sovereign in the acts of resistance for which he was outlawed, it was thought advisable to get rid of the prosecution. This has been contrived by an extra-judicial arrangement, or rather a negotiation with Arabi and his friends, to save the nominal dignity of the Khedive, reducing the indictment to a charge of mere military insubordination, and allowing the prisoner, as a matter of form, to plead guilty to that charge, and to accept a sentence which was to be commuted to banishment from Egypt. Diplomacy has thus once more extricated the Khedive's Ministry and foreign advisers from a highly embarrassing position; and though few Englishmen are disposed to think Arabi worthy of much admiration or sympathy, there will be little occasion to regard him as a suffering martyr. It is expected that he and five or six other chiefs of the late "National Party," which raised sixty thousand men in arms to withstand the British military intervention, will depart by the *Nemra* steam-ship from Suez about Christmas Day. Each of them will receive a pension, at the rate of nearly £50 monthly, in exchange for the confiscation of their private property, and they will be subject to no personal restraint beyond their parole, as officers and gentlemen, not to quit the island of Ceylon. They are, in effect, replaced nearly in the position of British prisoners of war, detained after the termination of the war for sufficient reasons of State policy, with the sanction of their legal Sovereign.

Our illustration shows the scene in the public Court at Cairo, when the final act was performed of these singular proceedings, which might have been spared by merely treating Arabi, from first to last, as a British prisoner of war, since he had voluntarily surrendered himself to a British commander. The course taken by the Egyptian Government was, in the first instance, by a Commission of Inquiry, composed of Turks and Circassians hostile to the prisoner, with the exception of one Egyptian officer who deserted from his camp, to prepare a lengthy indictment from evidence taken in secret, which has not yet been published. The trial was next referred to a Court-Martial, of which Mohammed Raouf Pasha, formerly one of the National Party, but who joined the Khedive the day before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, was appointed President, the eight other Judges being all Turks or Circassians. Colonel Sir Charles Wilson watched the case on behalf of the British Government. There was an official lawyer for the prosecution; but it was owing entirely to the chivalrous generosity of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, at his private cost, that counsel were engaged for the defence. These were Mr. A. M. Broadley, an English barrister, lately practising in the Consular Court at Tunis, whose portrait we gave on the 18th ult.; and the Hon. Mark Napier, of the Inner Temple, assisted by Mr. Eve, solicitor. They had no opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses for the prosecution, whose depositions were taken in private. It was on Oct. 22 that they had the first interview with their client. Mr. Broadley, who has written a few pages about it in the *Nineteenth Century*, prefacing a translation of Arabi's own statement, declares him to be a genuine patriot and a man of high character. However this may be, his adversaries have shrunk from bringing him to a public trial. On Dec. 2, Ismail Eyyoub, President of the Commission of Inquiry, reported a *prima facie* case against him, only chargeable under the 96th Article of the Ottoman Military Code, and the 59th Article of the Ottoman Criminal Code. The offences here charged are, in the one instance, that of eight or more persons assembling in arms, and revolting, or refusing to disperse at the order of their superiors; in the other case, that of any person holding military or naval command who disobeys an order of Government to quit such command, or to disband his forces. Both these offences are legally punishable with death. Arabi Pasha's plea in defence of his conduct is that, on Wednesday, July 12, the Khedive, who had fully authorised the defence of the forts of Alexandria, put himself into the hands of the British commander, then actually engaged in hostilities; and that the Khedive's order to surrender was, therefore, not to be obeyed by him as Minister of War acting in concert with the other Ministers and governing persons. Whatever may be the validity of this plea, Arabi and his counsel had no hesitation in admitting the fact that he had incurred the penalty of the above-cited Articles of the Code.

The public Court was opened, for the mere purpose of passing sentence, at three o'clock on Dec. 3; the nine Judges, all in military uniform, sitting in a semicircle at the upper side of a horseshoe table, as shown at the left hand in our correspondent's sketch of this scene. Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, commanding the British garrison in Cairo, appears at the extreme left-hand corner. In the middle of our Engraving, in a separate box, is the figure of Mr. Broadley, in wig and gown, with Mr. Napier, the other English barrister, seated behind him, and Mrs. Napier. The prisoner Arabi, dressed in a fez, white neckcloth, and plain frock-coat or jacket, stands just beyond Mr. Broadley, at the closed end of a long fenced passage, which is the prisoner's dock. The floor

in the middle of the hall, and in the front of this view, is filled with spectators on light cane chairs. The proceedings were extremely brief; the President of the Court-Martial simply read the formal sentence of death, immediately followed by the reading of a decree of the Khedive, "for certain reasons known to ourselves," commuting this to perpetual exile from Egypt. So there is an end of the case of "Ahmed Arabi the Egyptian"; but Mr. Broadley promises to write a book, which will, perhaps, be not less interesting than his book about the the French doings in Tunis.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZIA.

Spezia has been again the scene of the most costly and gigantic experiments in guns and armour. For the purpose of determining the best material for the armour-plates for the new Italian monster ironclads *Italia* and *Lepanto*, solid plates of 19 in. thickness have been submitted to the firing of one of the nine 100-ton muzzle-loading Armstrong guns, their firing charge being reduced for the purpose of giving the plates fair play at close quarters and with repeated blows.

The interest of the experiment consisted in the fact that the plates were either wholly of steel or steel faced. The targets were, of course, destroyed, but not without offering a resistance which renders it very doubtful indeed whether this country can safely decline to go forward in the costly struggle between guns and plates; for the steel plate measuring 10 ft. 10 in. by 8 ft. 7 in. received blows in all equal to 122,300 foot tons energy before complete destruction, while a shot from our 43-ton gun is credited, at the outside, with only 23,320 foot tons energy.

But perhaps the more interesting experiments were those which followed. They consisted in firing eighteen rounds from the new 100-ton breech-loading Armstrong gun. This gun very far exceeds in power any gun ever yet produced, and has already been fired with charges greater by not less than 200 lb. than any charge hitherto fired. Of the eighteen rounds three were with 771 lb. of powder and 2000 lb. shot. The velocity given to the shot was 1834 feet per second, and the energy resulting amounted to 46,700 foot tons, sufficient, that is to say, to lift the gun itself nearly 500 feet, or to penetrate thirty inches of wrought-iron plate. This great weapon presents many new features of interest. It has no trunnions, but lies in a brass saddle or cradle, so narrow that the two guns of the turret lie close side by side, like a double-barrelled gun. The breech is opened and closed by hydraulic mechanism, not attached to the gun, so as to maintain perfect simplicity and solidity in the gun itself. And the gun is so mounted through means of hydraulic appliances that, when in the turret, the gun fills up the port, thus excluding all enemy's shots. In the experiments at Spezia the gun was not mounted in a turret, but in a pontoon built for the purpose. It was loaded and worked, however, by the mechanism to be used in the turret, and precisely as it will be on board ship. It was found that one man can accomplish all the movements required for the loading and aiming of the gun with ease and rapidity. No difficulty or hitch of any kind occurred in these extraordinary experiments. The working of the gun and machinery exceeded all expectation, and the Italian officials are in the highest degree gratified at the brilliant success attending their almost audacious enterprise.

The experiments have a great interest for this country, apart from the circumstance that the gun and machinery are of English invention and production. It is well known that the whole of the machinery and appliances originated with Mr. George Rendel, now a Lord of the Admiralty, who, with Mr. Barnaby, C.B., was present on the part of our authorities. Moreover, the whole of the 43-ton breech-loading guns to be mounted on all the new British ironclads are to be mounted and worked in precisely the same manner as the Italian monster gun. As the greater must include the less in such matters, the success of the present experiments guarantees that of our own intended mode of mounting and working heavy guns. The only subject for regret, perhaps, is that we have not the security these experiments assure to Italy in respect of the gun. The Woolwich 43-ton gun will, no doubt, be a close reproduction of the new type Armstrong guns. But at the very best it cannot hope to achieve half the penetrative power of the Italian gun as against wrought-iron plates; and as against the new steel plates, which, it appears, must be battered to pieces rather than penetrated, its power will probably fall much short of half. It is perfectly idle for the authorities of this country to attempt to regulate the advance of artillery to suit conveniences of manufacture, or the state of official invention, or difficulty of obtaining money. They cannot say to the gun or plate maker, "Thus far, and no farther," any more than Canute to the tide. We have four 80-ton guns afloat, against the eight Italian 100-ton guns; but the power of the eight new breech-loading guns now built or building for Italy at Elswick, and of which the sample has now met with such unqualified success, is in excess by fifty per cent of that of our 80-ton gun; the one being 30,000 foot tons and the other 46,700 foot tons.

THE DESERTER.

Military service, whether compulsory by the conscription, or founded, as in this free country, upon the enlistment of voluntary recruits, is sternly exacting and indifferent to the claims of domestic affection. In the last century, and in the reign of King George II., to which period, we should guess, belongs the scene depicted by our Artist in the drawing engraved for an Extra Supplement this week, a young husband or lover had small chance of mercy when he deserted, even for the sake of her whom he had sworn to cherish, from the sworn duty of a soldier under the King's standard, perhaps ordered to embark for the wars in Germany, or in North America, from which he might probably never return. Sir Walter Scott's pathetic story of "The Highland Widow" may abide in the remembrance of some of our readers; but it is not her husband who was slain before; it is her son, Hamish or James, who incurs the cruel and disgraceful punishment of flogging by not joining his regiment in time, and who is maddened by despair to resist the soldiers come for his arrest, and to shoot the sergeant, for which he is condemned to death. We are reminded of this tale by Mr. Dadd's powerful delineation of another scene of womanly anguish, and of sullen, though brave and manly, submission to an irresistible doom, consequent upon a similar enforcement of martial law under the notorious "Articles of War."

Mr. W. E. Forster on Saturday last opened a public school in one of the suburbs of Glasgow; and afterwards went to the Pollokshields Free Church and gave an address on secondary education.—On Monday Mr. Forster was presented with the freedom of Glasgow. In returning thanks he alluded to the great progress made by Glasgow in population, wealth, and education. He said she had done a great work in the past, but there was still a great work for her in the future, and in it he wished her every success. At the close he was entertained at a luncheon by the Corporation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The dramatic year is certainly closing with distinction. We have scarcely awakened from the pleasure that "The Silver King" gave at the Princess's, and the interest afforded by "Impulse" at the St. James's, when we find another most creditable effort in playwriting in "Comrades" at the Court. The new comedy, as it is called, has been written by a young actor, Mr. Brandon Thomas, who has called to his aid Mr. P. C. Stephenson, by this time an experienced writer for the stage, and together they have framed not by any means a perfect, but certainly a very interesting play. Amongst much that is rambling, inconsistent, and confusing, they have every now and then touched some fine, strong notes in the harmony of human nature, and contrived deeply to touch the direct sympathies of their audience. The motive, as I presume it originally stood, is a good one. An old Indian officer, a man of honour and generous sentiment, married to a good woman, and blest with a good son, has omitted to divulge the secret of his life. That secret is that, before marriage, he had been burdened with the shame of an illegitimate son. Saving the sin involved in such a burden, he had done all he could for the child of shame. He had loved the woman who was his mother; he had brought up the boy honourably and in ignorance of the story of his birth. Chance brings this son down to the country house where the old father lives. Chance makes the legitimate and the illegitimate offspring firm friends. Chance, even more bitter still, rules it that both sons shall fall in love with the same woman. Captain Darleigh, the illegitimate son, is loved deeply by the Lady Constance, destined for Arthur Dexter. He is the soul of honour, a Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*. In fact, he so idolizes the father who stained his life that he resolves to abandon the woman who loves him to keep his father's secret, and to be misunderstood for honour's sake. Already a distinguished soldier, he goes to India with his regiment and saves the life of his friend Arthur, comrade and rival. Eventually Lady Dexter discovers her husband's secret, forgives him, and having learned that Captain Darleigh has saved her boy's life, pleads that he may be recognised as the man of honour that he is. Arthur Dexter is no less generous, for he hands over to his friend the woman who would otherwise for family reasons have married him. Now this, if it had stood there, would have been a very pretty and pathetic story; but, unfortunately, the authors were induced, in the middle of the play, to say that Captain Darleigh was not illegitimate at all, but that his mother was legally married to General Sir George Dexter, an admission that destroys the whole fabric, and makes the audience wonder why so much elaboration has been wasted on a story that has no meaning. There can be no possible harm in a widower telling his wife that he had been married before; and it is impossible to conceive so excellent a person as Sir George Dexter allowing Captain Darleigh to believe he was illegitimate, and to ruin his life for the sake of merely selfish sentimentality.

An ingenious critic has excused the blot by saying that Sir George required Arthur Dexter to inherit his title, but as he is only a K.C.B. one cannot see what title he had to inherit. He had a title for life, which would die with him. This crux in the construction having been made patent to all, it required the most finished acting to cover it. Such acting the play obtained generally, but in a very special sense by Mr. Charles Coghlan, who, by really fine touches and sincere appreciation, elevated the subject wherever he touched it. It is in the art of Mr. Coghlan to express the strong emotion that is kept in restraint; to make love strongly, but tenderly; to keep his voice in tears, but his nature in subjection; to be calm, but every impressive; to represent a strong brave man with a most feeling heart. Better acting of its kind has not recently been seen on our stage. The love scenes with Miss Marion Terry, whether they are preliminary or final; the position of the man with a tainted birth begging an explanation from his father; and all the little acts of moral heroism to which his nature has to assent, or be subjected by them; are pictured here with a dignity, a reserve, and a composure that raise Mr. Coghlan to the front rank of emotional actors. Miss Marion Terry, inspired, no doubt, by acting so good as this, was quite at her best. It was a most difficult thing for an actress to force her love, as it were, on a man who was hiding his heart for conscientious reasons; it was most dangerous to draw the line between want of pride and womanly generosity. But Miss Marion Terry was throughout a true woman, and acted just as a loving woman would under similar circumstances. It was a most delicate and interesting performance. Mr. Mackintosh again distinguished himself in a part of strong character. He was a faithful old Irish military servant, intrusted with his master's secret, and loving all who were connected with him. Coming as a bright relief to the sombre scenes by which he was surrounded, Mr. Mackintosh aided the play in interest and picturesqueness, and the old Irish servant, so steadfast and so loyal, soon worked his way to the hearts of his audience. The secret-burdened Sir George Dexter, of a weak but affectionate nature, and his seemingly simple wife, who rises to such dignity of womanly emotion at the end, could scarcely have been better played than by Mr. John Clayton and Miss Carlotta Addison, who was seen at her very best. The minor comedy characters are not of very great importance; but the comedy scenes would have fared much worse than they did had they not been undertaken by such experienced people as Mr. H. Kemble, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Miss Robertson Friskine, who avoided much danger with great tact. Mr. D. G. Boucicault was capital as the boyish neglected lover—a most disagreeable character to undertake. Scene-painting has developed into landscape pictures of the greatest beauty. The English covert by Mr. W. Perkins ought to be cut out and framed.

I think I read the other day an amusing article by Mr. W. S. Gilbert complaining that we do not appreciate Shakspeare because he is not acted in strict accordance with the actual text of the poet, and comparing the insulted bard with Mr. Tom Taylor. Indeed, it was very strongly hinted that an indignant public would be inclined to tear up the benches if one line or syllable of the text were altered in the dramatic works of the late editor of *Punch*. I saw no signs of popular fury or demonstration on the evening I witnessed "Eloped; or, Babes and Beetles," a diminished and contracted version of Mr. Tom Taylor's old Haymarket play, the "Babes in the Wood." The babes in question are a couple of silly child lovers, whose romantic dreams of love in a cottage are checked by dire penury, but whose distress is lightened by the comical attention of a quaint lodging-house keeper, called Beetles, who is cursed with a termagant wife. As Beetles the late Mr. Compton was wont to set the audience in a roar; but assuredly not more so than Mr. J. S. Clarke, the drollest of living comedians, with an irresistible power over the risible faculties of his audience. Mr. Clarke can express more in one look than another actor can convey in a dozen sentences. Literally it may be said of him *Risu dissolvit ilia*; he bursts his sides with laughing, and the contrast between the henpecked husband and the eventually victorious man in the matrimonial combat is expressed with the true force of humour and the

keen instinct of an artist. Unfortunately, Mr. J. S. Clarke is miserably supported, and has to bear the weight of a three-act play on his unassisted shoulders. The dulness and depression do not come from him, but are only felt when he is off the stage.

Across the road, where Miss Lila Clay still prettily presides over an orchestra of girl-graduates in music, a happy and clever idea has been started by Mr. Savile Clarke, in conjunction with Mr. Walter Slaughter. They have composed a one-act opera of bright absurdity called "An Adamless Eden," which is far better and more amusing than anything Miss Clay has yet been able to introduce. I detect in it the germ of the idea in the Poet Laureate's "Princess," a colony of gentle ladies determined to be independent of men, but ultimately conquered by inclination; but this fancy has been thoroughly modernised, even to the introduction of "mashers" and other personal incidents in nineteenth-century life. But the introduction of a typical "masher" does not imply vulgarity, although Miss Jonghman, who appears as one, might tone down her perplexing restlessness and moderate the antics and the attitudes identified with the silliest form of modern burlesque. They do not contrast well with the truer and more persuasive humour of Miss Emily Cross, for instance, or Miss Cicely Richards, who have exactly caught the idea that the authors endeavoured to convey. The music is bright and tuneful; and it is a treat to indulge in the luxury of a libretto when the lyrics rhyme and scan and the dialogue is bright and pungent.

"Here we are again!" In a few days more, directly we have digested our Christmas dinners, we shall be deep in the revels of pantomime and lost in the mazes of fairy-land. The provinces are well ahead of London in these old-fashioned shows that so delight the children. The Scotch pantomimes were produced a good week ago; and on Thursday the next best pantomime to that at "Old Drury" was discovered at Mr. Wilson Barrett's Grand Theatre at Leeds. How is it, then, that London is beginning to fight shy of pantomimes? I can almost count them on one hand this year, and leave a margin of fingers. The reason of it all is, so I am confidently informed by a sworn member of the "don't-cher-know" school, a devoted adherent of the crutch and toothpick brigade, is that the entertainment is too long, there are no breaks in it, and there is no chance of a cigarette. So it has come to this, that the age has grown so abominably selfish that the children may not enjoy themselves to their hearts' delight for several hours because their "big brothers" cannot do without a cigarette between dinner and supper.

But Mr. Augustus Harris remains the children's friend, and so does Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the dear old Father Christmas that all the little ones love. They don't intend to curtail their pantomimes, or to split it into acts, or to provide it with entr'actes and tedious waits for the sake of the cigarette smokers. Not a bit of it. Once the overture is over, away it goes, right through the story of "Sindbad the Sailor." Ballet scenes, children's scenes, transformation scenes, everything according to the old accustomed pattern, until Mr. Harry Payne, most popular of clowns, comes on with the buttered slide, the purloined sausages, and the red-hot poker. And don't tell anybody, my dear children, I have been behind the scenes; and let me whisper to you that you are to see the most wonderful procession that ever was placed on the stage. All the Kings and Queens of England, from the time of William the Conqueror to good Queen Victoria, gorgeously appraised in correct costume, a grand file of processional splendour. Read up your histories, take down your Mrs. Markham, be correct with your dates, and then, I daresay, you will be able to laugh at those "big brothers" of yours who don't want you to enjoy any more pantomimes because they cannot smoke a cigarette! Miss Constance Loseby—from the Alhambra, luckily secured in time—Miss Nelly Power, who can sing such pretty ballads, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Fawn, and Mr. Nicholls, and many more, will be there, and I think, from what I have seen of the scenery, the dresses, the Lilliputian army, and the wonderful properties, that I can promise you such a Christmas pantomime as you have never seen before.

By-the-way, talking of the Drury pantomime, I have had a peep into the "Old Drury Christmas Annual," a wonderful shillingsworth, written by all the clever people who will dance, sing, act, play, and jump for you at Christmas-time. It is full of pictures, and the stories and poems are capital. Dear me, what strange days we live in! Think of a literary clown and a poetical columbine; elves who are essayists, and a story-telling sprite! This clever book will be a pretty memento of all that will be seen in the way of amusement within the walls of old Drury.

But think not this is the only pantomime, though it is the oldest house. *Seniores priores*, as the school-boy brothers will say. No, indeed; there is the Surrey pantomime, with Mr. George Conquest, the king of pantomimists; and, anticipating the opening of the Pandora in Leicester-square, Mr. Alfred Thompson will throw open the doors of Her Majesty's, and, in addition to his pretty ballets, show two wonderful elephants, who can do everything but speak. The Crystal Palace, the Avenue, the Aquarium, and the Alcazar have also plenty of amusement for the children—who have not arrived at the age of cigarettes!

C. S.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The following postal arrangements are announced:—The first morning delivery will be the only delivery in London and its suburbs on Christmas Day. The General Post Office, the district offices, and the offices at Gracechurch-street, Lombard-street, Ludgate-circus, Mark-lane, and Charing-cross will be open from five to seven p.m. for the registration of letters up to the usual hours and for the sale of postage-stamps; but not for money order or savings bank business. With these exceptions, all the post offices in London and the nearer suburbs will be closed. Letters, newspapers, and book packets can be posted for the night mails at the General Post Office, the district offices, and the offices at Gracechurch-street, Lombard-street, Ludgate-circus, Mark-lane, and Charing-cross at the usual hours, and at the branch offices and receiving houses and street letter-boxes, which are available for posting at all hours. Except at the offices open from five p.m. to seven p.m., which are specially named above, there will be no late fee collection for the night mails. There will be no collection at eight or nine p.m. on Christmas Day, either in London or the suburbs; but letters to be forwarded by the general morning mails of Dec. 26 will be collected from the district and branch offices, and from the letter-boxes in London and the nearer suburbs, at the usual hours on that morning. No morning, mid-day, or midnight mails will be dispatched from London to any town in the United Kingdom on Christmas Day; but the night mails and foreign and colonial mails will be dispatched as usual.

Mr. Elliott Stock, of Paternoster-row, has issued a reprint of the earliest edition of De Foe's world-famed book, "Robinson Crusoe," the portion reproduced being that of the first and most fascinating part, dated 1719. The reprint is prefaced by a thoughtful preface by Austin Dobson.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are suspended—for the usual Christmas vacation—until Feb. 10. At the last concert but one, Miss Arma Harkness reappeared, and met with the same marked success that attended her first performance at these concerts, as recently recorded. On the second occasion, the young lady violinist played, with fine qualities of tone and execution, brilliant pieces by M. Saint-Saëns and Wieniawski. At last Saturday's concert Miss Emma Barnett was the instrumental soloist, and made a most favourable impression by her refined and skilful performance of Mendelssohn's second Pianoforte Concerto (in D minor) and three new Impromptus for Pianoforte solo, composed by her brother (and instructor), Mr. J. F. Barnett. Miss Elly Warnots and Signor Foli were, respectively, the vocalists on the occasions referred to.

The last of this year's concerts of the students of the Royal Academy of Music took place at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the performances gave good proof of the progress of the pupils in executive skill—vocal and instrumental—and in composition. A "concert-stick" for pianoforte (with orchestra), composed and performed by Mr. C. S. Macpherson; and a setting of the 137th Psalm for solo soprano, chorus, and orchestra, by Mr. F. K. Hattersley, are able productions that should lead to more important results. Misses M. Gyde and A. Mukle displayed talent in their execution—each of two portions—of Brahms's new pianoforte concerto; and Misses C. Tchudicum and K. Hardy distinguished themselves as vocalists. The programme included Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," in which, as in the Psalm, an efficient choir co-operated. There was also an excellent orchestra; and the concert altogether was highly creditable to the institution.

The Popular Concerts will be suspended with the afternoon performance of to-day (Saturday). Since our last notice, Herr Pachmann has appeared and fully maintained the good impression he produced here by his refined and brilliant pianoforte playing on former occasions. At the concert of last Saturday afternoon, he played, with marked success, Chopin's sonata in B minor, and the principal part in Beethoven's great Pianoforte Trio in B flat—his performances on Monday evening having been in a selection of Chopin's "Etudes" and the leading part in Mozart's Pianoforte Quartet in G minor. The success of the pianist was exceptionally great, especially in Chopin's music, of which he appears to have made a special study. The string quartet party consisted, as before, of Herr Joachim, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti; the vocalist on both occasions having been Miss Santley. The performances will be resumed on Jan. 8.

Mr. W. G. Cusins gave the earliest of this year's Christmas performances of "The Messiah" at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, when he introduced a few new readings of the music, based on his study of the original manuscript of the score at Buckingham Palace. On this subject Mr. Cusins has published an interesting pamphlet, which includes a tabular statement of the time, marked by metronome, at which the various movements were taken under the conductorship, respectively, of Sir G. Smart and Mr. W. Horsley. Saturday's performance of "The Messiah" had a peculiar value from its having practically illustrated, in several points, the views entertained by Mr. Cusins, whose opinions are entitled to special authority. Irrespective of this, the oratorio had the advantage of the co-operation of Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley in the solo music.

Mr. Isidore de Lara gave a vocal recital, at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, when the programme included pieces sung by himself and recitations by Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

Promenade Concerts are to begin at the Aquarium this evening, the performances including the co-operation of the orchestra and chorus thrown out of employment by the recent fire.

A new series of Promenade Concerts will be inaugurated at Covent Garden Theatre on Boxing Night—again under the direction of Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe.

The resuscitated Sacred Harmonic Society has announced four concerts to be given at James's Hall, beginning on Feb. 23, when Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed. The next concert will take place on April 6, when "Elijah" will be given. At the third concert, on April 27, the programme will consist of Schubert's Mass in E flat, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," "The Messiah" being promised for the last concert, on May 11. Mr. Charles Halle has accepted the office of conductor, heretofore held for many years by Sir M. Costa.

The last of Mr. Henry Holmes's interesting "Musical Evenings" took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday, with a varied instrumental programme. A new series is to begin on Jan. 24.

Mr. Lausdowne Cottell has been presented at the Burlington Hall with a handsome testimonial by the students and instructors of the London Conservatoire of Music.

The competition for the Hine Gift at the Royal Academy of Music has been awarded to Septimus B. Webbe; for the Potter Exhibition to Annie Cantelo, who, being the holder of the Lady Goldsmid scholarship, foregoes the exhibition in favour of Lilian Munster; the Balfe scholarship to Charles S. Macpherson; the Westmoreland scholarship to Miss Charlotte Thudicum.

Lady Colin Campbell, Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Braham, Mr. Arthur Vitton, Mr. Hutchinson, and the West London Orchestral Society took part in the concert given last Saturday evening at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, by the Popular Ballad Concert Committee. This committee is vigorously carrying on the educational part of its scheme as well as the recreative. Arrangements are being made to give concerts at Stratford, and to start other classes for choral singing in the East-End, besides those now held at Clerkenwell. Orchestral classes and the formation of an orchestra are also under consideration.

Mr. Henry W. Carte proposes to publish, by subscription, a series of ten pianoforte sonatas, expressly composed by eminent foreign and English musicians. New works of this important class have been but rarely produced in recent years, the cost frequently exceeding the profit. Mr. Carte's scheme is therefore a very laudable one, as promising to furnish a fresh supply of music of an important character. The composers who have promised to write each one sonata are Drs. Ferdinand Hiller, Gade, Grieg, Reinecke, Dvorák, Sir J. Benedict, Professor Macfarren, Mr. C. E. Stephens, and Mr. J. F. Barnett. The works will be published by the firm of Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Rose.

A large and spirited picture of the opening ceremony of the new Eddystone Lighthouse, painted by Mr. H. A. Luscombe from sketches which he took for the *Illustrated London News*, has been presented to the town of Plymouth by the ex-Mayor. It is to be hung in the Guildhall.

THE MINISTRY.

Addresses and congratulations have been sent to Mr. Gladstone from all parts on the completion of the fiftieth year of his Parliamentary life, including telegrams from the King of Greece and the Italian Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone has addressed a letter to the Chairman of the Committee of the Reform Club expressing his regret that he cannot accept the offer of a banquet by the members of that body. Prudential reasons compel him to decline this and all similar invitations for the present.

Formal announcement of the Cabinet changes has now been made. Mr. Gladstone has resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which has been accepted by Mr. Childers, who is succeeded in the War Secretaryship by Lord Hartington; Lord Kimberley vacates the Colonial Office for that of India, while Lord Derby succeeds him as Secretary for the Colonies. It is stated that arrangements are in contemplation for adding Sir Charles Dilke to the Cabinet.

Mr. Fawcett's condition continues to improve, and he was able on Monday to sign an authority for Mr. Shaw Lefevre to transact necessary business as Deputy Postmaster-General during his convalescence, on which stage he seems to have fairly entered.

THE NEW LAWYER KNIGHTS.

Her Majesty the Queen, when she opened the new buildings of the Royal Courts of Justice on Monday, Dec. 4, received the loyal Addresses of the Honourable Societies of the Four Inns of Court, and that of the Incorporated Law Society (of Solicitors), presented by the Treasurers of the Inns of Court, and by the President of the Society last mentioned. Her gracious pleasure was then signified to confer the honour of knighthood upon each of these five gentlemen, whose names and professional positions are here stated:—

Sir Francis Roxburgh, Q.C., Treasurer of the Middle Temple, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in Michaelmas Term, 1845, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1866. He was admitted *ad eundem* at Lincoln's Inn in 1849. He was, on May 1, 1881, appointed County Court Judge of Circuit No. 33, and was elected Treasurer of the Middle Temple on Friday, Nov. 21.

Sir John Blossett Maule, Q.C., Treasurer of the Inner Temple, was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. 1846. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in Hilary Term, 1847, and went the North-Eastern Circuit. He was for several years a revising barrister, and was appointed Recorder of Leeds in April, 1861. He was made a Queen's Counsel in June, 1866, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple in the same year. In 1869 he edited the thirtieth edition of Burn's "Justice of the Peace." In December, 1879, he was appointed Director of Public Prosecutions.

Sir John Peter De Gex, Q.C., Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, is the son of a Swiss merchant, and was born in 1803. He was educated at Cambridge, took his degree of M.A., and was elected a Fellow of Jesus College; he is an Honorary Fellow. He was called to the Bar in Hilary Term, 1835, at Lincoln's Inn. He is the author of "De Gex's Reports (Bankruptcy Appeals)" from 1844 to 1848, and of other Reports in Chancery and Bankruptcy in conjunction with "Smale," "Fisher," "Jones," "Smith," "Macnaghten," and "Gordon," coming down to the year 1865. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1865, and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in the same year.

Sir William St. James Wheelhouse, Q.C., Treasurer of Gray's Inn, is the eldest son of the late James Wheelhouse, of Smith, by Mary Ann, his wife. He was born in 1821, and is unmarried. He was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in Easter Term, 1844; became a Queen's Counsel in 1877, and a Bencher of his Inn in the same year. He was returned to Parliament for the borough of Leeds in 1868, and again in 1877.

Sir Thomas Paine, President of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom, is a member of the firm of Paines, Layton, and Pollock, solicitors, of the city of London. He was admitted a solicitor in Hilary Term, 1844. He was Vice-President of the Law Society last year.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Our Illustrations of the vast and stately buildings at the east end of the Strand, extending back to Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, which have been completed for the united accommodation of the Chancery and Common Law Divisions of the High Court of Justice, and the Courts of Appeal, are continued this week; the north end of the grand corridor, on the ground floor, and one of the arcades in the Central Hall, are here represented. The Judges' Chambers Hall, and the Strand front entrance to the Quadrangle, were the subjects of our last week's Illustrations; and in the preceding Number of our Journal we gave a double-page View of the whole Strand front, a View of the Carey-street front, one of the principal entrance from the Strand, one of the interior of the Great Hall, and several Illustrations of the internal balconies, grand staircases, and other noble architectural features of the new building. It is, beyond all question, both in design and in execution, a masterly piece of work; and the men who achieved it are worthy to be held in remembrance. Future visitors will observe, it is to be hoped, a century or two hence, that the two heads and shoulders, carved as corbels, below the oriel window at the north end of the quadrangle, are representations in stone of the architect, Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., and the principal of the contractors' firm, Mr. Henry William Bull. The former is represented with a roll of drawings in his hand, and the latter with mallet and chisel, as the chief artificer. It is intended, however, that a marble statue of the late Mr. Street, to be provided by public subscription, shall be placed in the beautiful Gothic Hall; for which purpose the Right Hon. A. J. Beresford Hope has invited additional contributions of money. On Thursday and Friday this week, the new Royal Courts of Justice were open for inspection to members of the Bar and Solicitors, with their friends; and the public will be admitted, before three o'clock in the afternoon, from Monday to Friday next week. The sittings of the Judges in most of the Courts will begin there on Jan. 11; and by that time it is hoped that New Rules of Procedure will have been settled by a Committee of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which has recently been engaged in deliberations of great importance to both branches of the legal profession.

Two Photographic Albums, royal quarto, in Russia, Morocco, and calf, have been published by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co. One is entitled *The Queen Album*, the designs for which are drawn from the views and flowers along the coast line of the Mediterranean, from Cannes, in the South of France, to Genoa in the North of Italy: it contains twelve chromo designs. The other contains illustrations of the Pastimes of Merrie England, taken from contemporary authorities of the games and amusements most popular among the English during the thirteenth century: there are twelve illuminated pages. Both volumes are handsomely bound, and are well adapted for presents at this festive season.

T H E N E W L A W Y E R K N I G H T S .



SIR J. BLOSSETT MAULE, Q.C.,
TREASURER OF THE INNER TEMPLE.



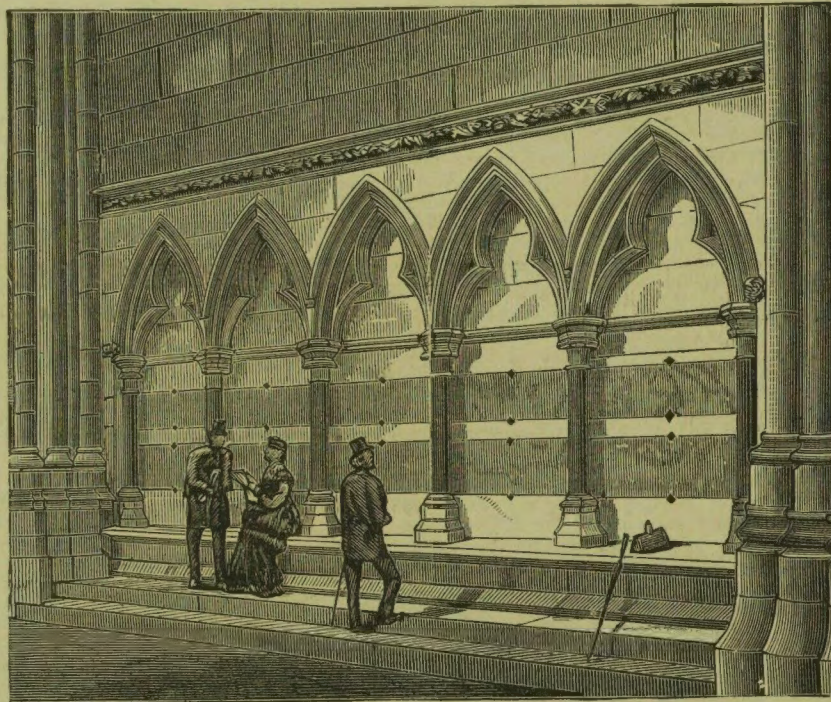
SIR THOMAS PAINE,
PRESIDENT OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.



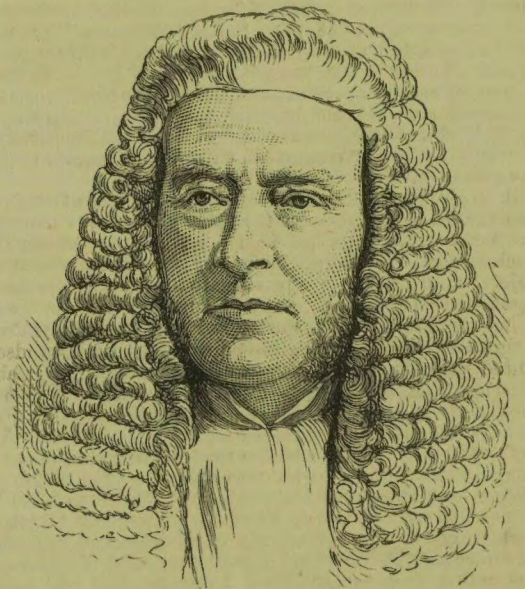
SIR W. ST. JAMES WHEELHOUSE, Q.C.,
TREASURER OF GRAY'S INN.



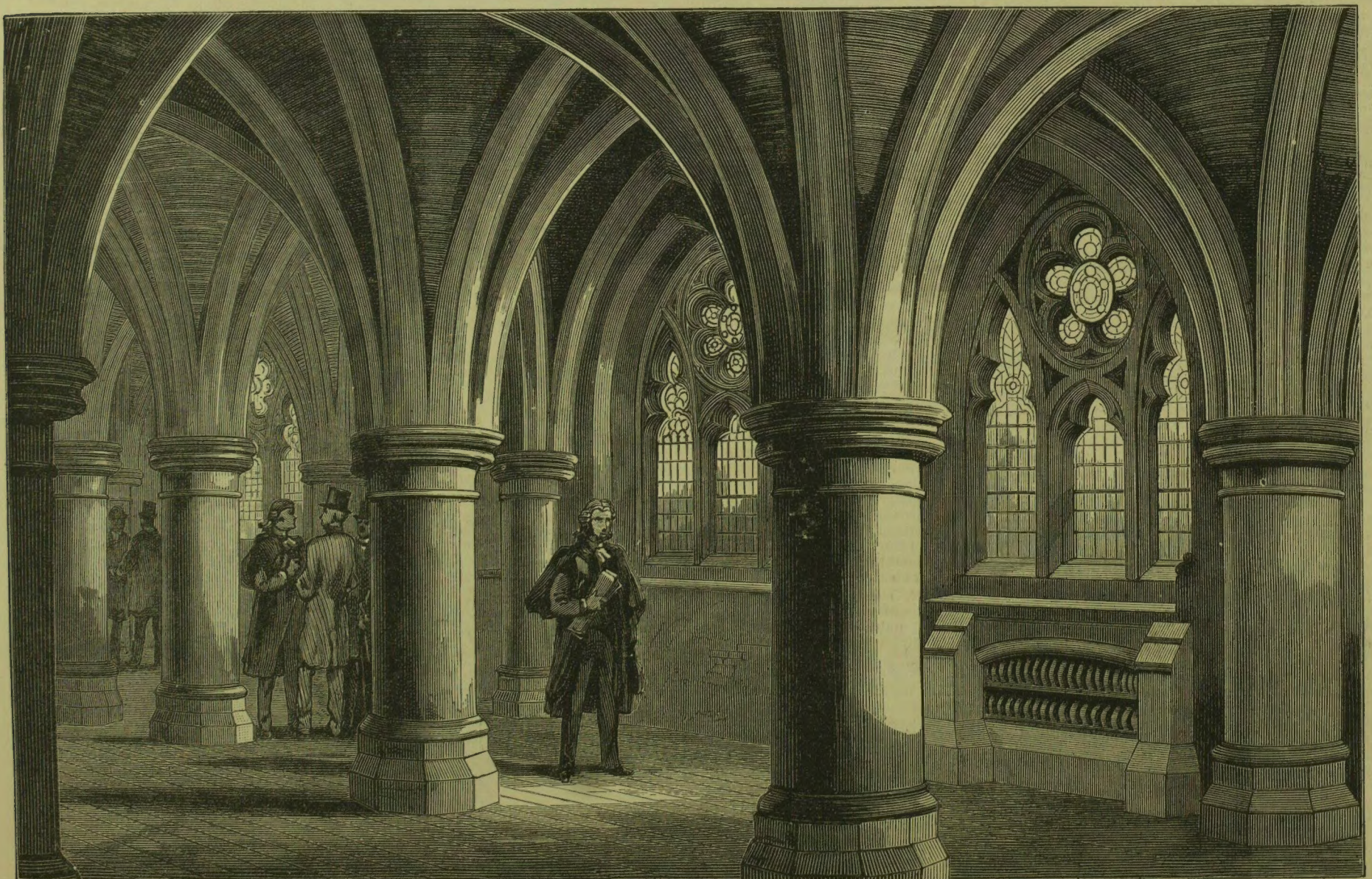
SIR JOHN DE GEX, Q.C.,
TREASURER OF LINCOLN'S INN.



THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE: ARCADE IN CENTRAL HALL.



SIR FRANCIS ROXBURGH, Q.C.,
TREASURER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.



THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE: NORTH END OF THE GRAND CORRIDOR, GROUND FLOOR.



BAZAAR AT WILLIS'S ROOMS IN AID OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The value of money, as usual at this season, has sensibly hardened since I last wrote. The advance in the rates began on the Stock Exchange settling-day, when a good deal of cash was called in from that institution by the joint stock banks. The consequent pinch was a good deal felt in many quarters, and numerous applications for loans on stocks and bills were made at the Bank of England, where 6 per cent was charged all round, while borrowers were compelled to put on their loans for a minimum period of ten days, although requiring the money for two or three days only. Another cause of firmness was the weakness of the Continental Exchanges, and the setting in of a drain of gold for Germany. A rise in the discount rates to 4 per cent checked this movement; but the value of money will doubtless continue about its present level until the letting out of the dividends at the Bank on Jan. 6.

Business in the Stock Exchange has shown all the apathy incident to the approach of the Christmas holidays. This stagnation would itself have been sufficient to repress a rising tendency, had not the development of a renewed feebleness of tone on the Paris Bourse supervened and contributed to the dulness and seeming indecision that has marked transactions in several leading sections. Hence prices have drooped, and no recovery of importance can be looked for until the holidays are well over. In the foreign section the most prominent incident has been a sharp fall in Egyptian Stocks. In what measure the break-down has been due to the inherent weakness of the Paris Bourse, or to the chilling effect exerted by Lord Derby's unadroit remarks on Egyptian affairs and our future relations to that country, it would be impossible to say; but that the latter precipitated a considerable shaking out of operators who had bought stock in the belief that England was about to permanently occupy Egypt in one way or another there can be no doubt. To the *bond-fide* investor such matters of detail as perplex and disturb the calculations of speculators are trifling in importance beside the broad fact that our policy in Egypt will have as its principal basis the assertion and maintenance of preponderating British interests, and the establishment and preservation of a staple form of government designed to foster the peaceful development of the resources of that country.

A considerable fall has occurred in Mexican Railway ordinary stock on a rumour that the directors have been called upon by the Government to reduce their carrying rates. Nothing confirmatory of this report has been received by the company in London, and it may therefore be discredited. It is, however, not a little singular that a mere suspicion that the Government contemplated demanding such a reduction should have caused a violent fall; while the announcement made some time ago by the Directors that they were themselves considering the expediency of lowering their rates did not elicit the least unfavourable comment in speculative circles. The depression in this stock has, however, in all probability been in part due to the existence of difficulties in Liverpool, which mainly contribute to a severe fall in Hudson's Bay shares and Grand-Trunk and Atlantic and Great Western Stocks towards the close of last week; while the uncertain condition of the American market, and the dropping fire of failures in the Welsh tin-plate trade, cannot have been without their effect in inducing an extensive clearing-out of weak "bull" accounts.

Some objections are being made to the proposed settlement with the Guatemala bondholders, but the terms seem to us to be good, and at the meeting yesterday they were accepted. The Government are to give 6 per cent bonds in exchange for those now current. The amount is to be £115 of new for £100 of old, the additional £15 to be in part settlement of arrear coupons. Redemption is to take place at £125 per £100, the additional £25 to be in settlement of balance of arrear coupons. The means to meet these claims are to be derived from the transfer to an agent of the bondholders of 20 per cent of the customs duties, all surplus after meeting the coupons to be applied to redemption of bonds by drawings. The present total of the customs receipts is 2,000,000 dolrs., and 20 per cent of that is, roughly speaking, £80,000, while the interest claims would begin at £18,000, and would continually decline with the reduction of the principal by drawings. The Government guarantee to make up the 20 per cent of the customs to £25,000 each half year, should the yield ever be less than that.

On Jan. 2 the proprietors of the London and Provincial Law Assurance Society are to meet to consider a preliminary arrangement made by their directors to transfer their business to the Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company. The London and Provincial Law Society has an income of £72,000 a year from premiums, and an accumulated fund of £1,000,000. Its business is purely life assurance. The Guardian undertakes both fire and life risks. Its life income is £112,000, and its life fund £1,590,000. Its fire premium is £233,000 a year, and the fire fund is £413,000. The London and Provincial Law has a subscribed capital of £1,000,000, of which £151,518 is paid-up, largely out of profits, however. The Guardian has a subscribed capital of £2,000,000, of which half is paid, four fifths, however, out of profits. The London and Provincial Law pays an annual dividend of 7s. per share, all further profits being added to capital. The Guardian pays an annual dividend of £3 or more, and quinquennially there is a bonus. The market price of the London and Provincial Law shares is about 8, and that of the Guardian shares is 66. I know nothing of the proposed terms of fusion; but an equitable basis appears easy to arrive at, and the amalgamation would certainly reduce expenses. Both companies are without branches. T. S.

Mr. R. G. W. Herbert, C.B., Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office; and Mr. R. E. Welby, C.B., Auditor of the Civil List and Financial Assistant-Secretary at the Treasury, have been made Knights Commanders of the Bath.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 13, Royal Exchange, have issued various Diaries, in folio, quarto, and octavo. It is claimed for them that they are cheaper than those of any other firm. They are ruled with grey cash lines, which may be used or written over at will; and the blotting paper with which some of them are interleaved is thoroughly absorbent.

The portrait of Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., in this Number of our Journal, is from a photograph by Messrs. Johnstone, O'Shaughnessy, and Co., of Melbourne; that of Sir Francis Roxburgh, Treasurer of the Middle Temple, from one by Messrs. Boning and Small, of Baker-street, and of St. Leonard's-on-Sea; that of Sir John P. De Gex, of Lincoln's Inn, by Messrs. Lombardi and Co., of Pall-mall; that of Sir John Blossett Maule, of the Inner Temple, by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; that of Sir W. St. J. Wheelhouse, of Gray's Inn, by another photographer; that of Sir Thomas Paine, President of the Incorporated Law Society, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; and that of the late Mr. T. George Ashford, officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, by Messrs. Morgan and Laing, of Greenwich.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 19.

The Parisians are on the eve of the present-giving season. On Christmas Eve the children will piously place their shoes in the first-place to receive the gifts of "Péfit Noël," and a week later old and young will expect *étrennes* either agreeable, useful, or simply conventional. The toy-shops are gay and crowded; the confectioners have produced their bonbon of the season—the bonbon *Fedora*, of course; the yellow paper-covered novels have been driven out of the booksellers' windows by the invasion of gift-books in gaudy cloth bindings, stamped and gilded, and painted in all the colours of the rainbow. In the toy-shops the familiar and plastically irregular form of Punch still reigns supreme; the gift-books are no longer the rhymes of Mother Goose or tales of ogres and genii. We are living in a practical age, when even the children are brought up on hard facts, treatises on the steam-engine, on electricity, on the history of a mountain, on the history of plants. How much preferable to the clumsy lucubrations of Jules Verne were the tales where the fairies, the Prince Charming, the golden-haired princesses, and the gentle shepherds, taught us the first lessons of chivalry and honour, unconsciously, unintentionally, in a magic world where everything was azure and rose and sun-coloured!

As if there was not enough realism in real life! And what abominable realism, more abominable than the realism of Zola! Here is an Israelite diamond merchant, Rapaport by name, a gambler, and a man of no principle, who murders his daughter in her bed and then shoots himself. What is the explanation of this mysterious drama of the Rue Richelieu, as it is called? We are left to conjecture. Yesterday occurred another drama, less tragic, but none the less terrible: an explosion of cartridges at Mont Valérien maimed and wounded twenty-three persons, mostly women, who were working at them. The victims were employed to unmake some Chassepôt cartridges of a model no longer in use, and probably one of them struck the fulminating portion of a cartridge with knife or scissors.

M. Gambetta's name is once more the subject of gossip and scandal. His wounded hand is not healed yet, and yesterday he had a serious relapse, accompanied by fever. There is talk, too, of M. Gambetta's schemes for next year, of the so-called Campon plot, of a Gambetta Cabinet, a Gambetta presidency, a Gambetta dictatorship, and what not. Meanwhile, at the Palace Theatre Music-hall the cousin of the statesman, Mlle. Claire Gambetta, sings every night before a howling and disorderly audience, and has her name posted in big multicoloured letters all over Paris. So much for what is in a name.

In the midst of these political doubts and disagreements a voice is heard from beyond the grave. A posthumous work of M. Louis Blanc, "Histoire de la Constitution de 1875," has just been published. The fundamental idea of the book is that the Assembly of Versailles, having been elected simply to make peace, had no constituent mandate, and that in pretending to found a Government it was usurping power. Four years ago this was M. Gambetta's idea. Since then M. Gambetta has changed his views, a fact which has enabled M. Louis Blanc to make his volume one long exposure of the cynicism of the chief of Opportunism. M. Louis Blanc does not disguise the poor opinion he had of the present Republic dragging out, as he says, an undignified existence between disdainful indifference on the one hand and hostility on the other.

Amongst the eminent persons who died during the past week are the painter Maurice Poirson, at the age of thirty-six; the water-colour painter and engraver Victor Pollet, aged seventy-one; M. William Galignani, who, with his brother Antoine, was the founder of the Continental daily *Galignani's Messenger*; Madame Caroline Jaubert, the friend of Heine, Alfred de Musset, Berryer, Liszt, Lafrey, author of a charming volume of "Souvenirs," published last year, and from 1830 to 1848 mistress of a famous Parisian salon; Lady Ashburton, *née* Maret de Bassano, and sister of the Duc de Bassano, former chamberlain of the Emperor. M. Galignani has left almost the whole of his property to the foundation or enrichment of charitable institutions at Corbeil and at Paris.

Notes and news. On Sunday night Victor Hugo gave a dinner to the press and to his literary friends, at the Hôtel Continental, on the occasion of the revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse."—The Norwegian poet Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson is expected in Paris, where he intends to pass some years in literary work.—M. Prudhon and Silvain, and Messrs. Pauline Granger, Adeline Dudley and Tholer have been elected *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française. Victor Hugo has authorised M. Massenet to make an opera out of his "Notre Dame de Paris," on the basis of M. Paul Meurice's dramatic adaptation.—Sarah Bernhardt's husband, M. Damala, has retired from the stage. On her part, Sarah Bernhardt, in order to be free to play *Fedora* in the provinces next spring, has paid a forfeit of 17,000fr. to the Gaiety Theatre, and delayed her visit to London until 1884. At least, such is the latest decision of the capricious artiste. T. C.

Monday was "breaking-up day" at the City Middle-class Corporation School, and, in accordance with the custom which has prevailed in it for upwards of six years, a dramatic entertainment was given in the great school-room in the evening. The school is situated in Cowper-street, City-road.

Apart from the multitude and diversity of Christmas picture-books, noticed in this and previous Numbers of our Journal, we have reserved one for particular mention, because its subject happens to be associated with that of the charming picture, by Mr. J. E. Mill's, R.A., printed in colours for our own Christmas Supplement. "The Good Old Story of Cinderella," re-told in rhyme by Lieut.-Colonel Seccombe, with seventy illustrations drawn by the gallant and accomplished author, whose "Army and Navy Drolleries," have been greatly admired and enjoyed, is one of the recent publications of Messrs. F. Warne and Co., and one of "the best things out," in that class of literary and pictorial works for juvenile entertainment. The story is told, with some fulness of incident, and a flowing narrative style, in lively lifting couplets of rhyme which run smoothly off the tongue, and the characteristic points are treated in a humorous spirit which never offends the taste. Twelve of the illustrations consist of full-page plates, beautifully printed in mild colours by Messrs. Emrik and Binger; while the remainder, of which one or two appear in every page amidst the letter-press text, are vignette woodcuts in little more than bold outline, presenting an agreeable mixture of the pretty with the quaint and funny. The face and figure of the injured maiden, whose wrongs are destined to obtain such triumphant redress, are made very pretty, and the Prince is a handsome young fellow, though too much of a top. The costumes are those which were fashionable in the days of Queen Anne or George I. If we take exception to anything, it will be that the two ugly and wicked step-sisters of Cinderella look old enough to be her two grandmothers; but this may serve to enhance the joke at their expense.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

CANADA.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise attended on Tuesday evening, last week, Christine Nilsson's concert at San Francisco, which was highly successful, the largest audience that ever assembled there having attended. Extra boxes had been built on the stage. The Marquis has obtained six weeks' leave of absence, and until his return the duties of Governor-General will be performed by General M'Dougall, the commander of the forces. General Sir P. L. M'Dougall was sworn in on Tuesday as Administrator of the Dominion during his absence. It is understood that Princess Louise has finally decided to pass the winter in Bermuda. The Presbyterian College, Montreal, has become the recipient of a munificent gift from Mr. David Morice of that city, in the shape of a hall for the use of the college. The cost of the building has been about 50,000. The Ontario Legislature was opened last week. No promise was held out of any legislation of importance. The Montreal City Council have voted Sir Hugh Allan a public funeral.

AUSTRALIA.

The general election in New South Wales has resulted in the return of a large majority against the Government. Of the 108 members of whom the Legislative Assembly is composed, 80 members of the new Cabinet belong to the Opposition, and only 20 are supporters of the present Government. Parliament reassembles on Jan. 3, and it is expected that Ministers will then immediately resign office. Considerable loss of life has been occasioned at a mine in Creswick, Victoria, through a flood of water coming down from some old workings. The *Melbourne Argus* announces that Tawhiao, the Maori King, has refused an offer made by the New Zealand Government to abandon his kingship in exchange for an annuity and other substantial advantages. The *South Australian Register* of Oct. 28 contains an account of Mr. C. B. Fisher's Maribymong stud shorthorns. The Grand Duchess bull, Eighth Duke of Tregunter, excited keen competition. The bidding started at 1000 guineas, but advanced rapidly by 100-guinea stages to 4000 guineas, at which price the animal was knocked down to Mr. S. Gardiner, Bundoor Park. The amount realised from both days' sales was over 30,000 guineas.

The Netherlands First Chamber has adopted the Indian Budget.

The Royal Academy at Rome has elected Professor Max Müller as one of its ten foreign members.

The jubilee of 300 years of Russian rule over Siberia was celebrated in St. Petersburg on Monday.

Mrs. Langtry appeared for the first time at Philadelphia on Monday night before a crowded and fashionable audience.

The Canton of St. Gall has passed a law reintroducing capital punishment, by a large majority. The Council of the Canton of Lucerne passed the same law by 73 votes against 8.

The German Emperor has almost entirely recovered from his recent indisposition. The Reichstag has adjourned to Jan. 9.

The Bureaux of the Italian Parliament have all reported in favour of the Parliamentary Oath Bill, which is to declare vacant the seat of a member who does not take the oath.

The Portuguese Government has concluded a treaty with the Government of the Transvaal in regard to Delagoa Bay, which, it is believed, will obviate the difficulties there.

The Empress Eugénie has made a present to the city of Marseilles of the Pharo Château and Park, her right to which was recently upheld by law. The property is said to be worth 3,000,000fr.

From Cairo it is announced that Lord Dufferin has suggested a scheme for the reform of the native law courts. He proposes that European Judges should preside over them, the code to be assimilated to that of the international tribunals.

The Austrian Government have asked the Reichsrath for a credit of 4,000,000 fl. in aid of the sufferers by the floods in the Tyrol, and 150,000 for those injured by the inundations in the Corinthia. The Reichsrath adjourned on Monday till after the Christmas holidays.

Madame Nilsson, on Monday night, concluded at San Francisco her series of four concerts. The telegrams on the subject state that hers has been the most successful engagement ever known there. Madame Nilsson is returning eastwards via Denver.

The poet Whittier celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on Sunday at Boston, United States. He received many callers and letters of congratulation, and was much touched by the fact that several letters came from England. His health is good, and his mental vigour is unimpaired.

Colonel Crossman, R.E., C.M.G., and George Baden Powell, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S., F.S.S., have been appointed her Majesty's Commissioners to inquire into the financial condition, taxation, and public expenditure of Jamaica, the Leeward Islands, and the Islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Tobago. Mr. Harris, of the Colonial Office, accompanies the Royal Commissioners as secretary.

The unveiling, at Belgrade, of the statue of Prince Michael Obrenovitch, King Milan's predecessor on the Servian throne, was performed on Monday by his Majesty in the presence of many thousands of people, including Queen Natalie, the diplomatic body, the Ministers and members of the Skuptschina and the Senate. Over one hundred garlands were laid at the foot of the statue, and much enthusiasm prevailed.

We learn from Capetown that Parliament is summoned to meet in extraordinary session on the 19th prox. to discuss the Basutoland question. The state of Zululand continues disquieting. Fighting has been going on between the chiefs Dabulamanzi and Umlandela, and the latter has applied to John Dunn for advice. Preparations are being made for the return of Cetewayo to Zululand, and orders have been issued for a military escort, which was to start from two points on the 21st and 23rd inst.

The Duke of Cambridge, speaking on Saturday at a Special General Court of Governors and friends of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, pointed out that it is progressing satisfactorily. In March, 1879, the funded property was £16,378, and now it is £22,426. The dividends on funded property in 1879, were £610; they are now £830. Major-General Burnaby, M.P., was, on the motion of the Duke of Cambridge, elected a vice-president, and was given a life presentation for one widow. There are at present sixty inmates.

Sir Frederick Bramwell presided on the 14th inst. at Goldsmiths' Hall at the presentation by Dr. Siemens of the prizes gained by the students connected with the City and Guilds of London Institute. The report showed that 1972 candidates had been examined at 147 centres in 37 subjects, of whom 1222 passed. Money prizes to the number of 114 had been awarded, amounting to £376, besides 37 silver and 91 bronze medals, costing £50. At the close of the distribution of the prizes Dr. Siemens addressed those present.

THE COURT.

The last few days of her Majesty's stay at Windsor were busily occupied by the Queen. The usual service on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice was held in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, her Majesty and all her sons and daughters in England, except the Duchess of Albany, attending. A Council was held on Saturday, at which the Duke of Connaught was present, and the Earl of Derby, who was sworn in as Secretary of State for the Colonies, received the seals of office. The Earl of Kimberley also received from the Queen the seals of Secretary of State for India, the Marquis of Hartington those of Secretary of State for War, and the Right Hon. H. Childers those of Chancellor of the Exchequer, the seals having been previously delivered up to her Majesty by the Premier, Mr. Childers, the Earl of Kimberley, and the Marquis of Hartington, respectively. Divine service was attended on Sunday in the private chapel by the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice, the Rev. Henry White, of the Savoy Chapel, officiating. Her Majesty entertained numerous guests at dinner on consecutive evenings, Prince and Princess Christian also dining. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, paid a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. Mr. Charles Henfrey had an audience of the Queen at the castle, when she presented him with a marble bust of herself in recollection of her visits to the Villa Clara at Baveno, and to the Chalet des Rosiers at Montone. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left for Osborne on Monday, to pass Christmas. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Margaret remain at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty has given £25 to the fund for the relief of the widow and family of the late Mr. Macrae Moir, who for twenty years was secretary of the Royal Scottish Hospital.

The Prince of Wales went shooting last Saturday with the Attorney-General (Sir Henry James) in Surrenden Dering Wood, Pluckley, Kent; and in the evening he accompanied the Princess to some amateur theatricals given in aid of the funds of the School of Dramatic Art at the Shelley Theatre. Their Royal Highnesses, with their daughters, attended Divine service on Sunday. The Duke of Edinburgh lunched with them. Monday was passed by the Prince in shooting with Sir Edward Scott at Sunbridge Park, Bromley. The Ambassadors from Madagascar and the members of their suite were received by their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House on Tuesday; and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Court Theatre. Baron de Mohrenheim was received by their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House on his appointment as Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The Prince and Princess have been to the St. James's Theatre. Their Royal Highnesses, with their family, left town for Sandringham yesterday for Christmas. The Prince, with other members of the Royal family, is expected to go to Berlin next month, for the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived at Liverpool yesterday week, was the guest of the Mayor for the night, at Newsham House. On Saturday his Royal Highness opened the Liverpool Home for Aged Mariners, at Egremont, on the opposite side of the Mersey. After being entertained at luncheon by the Mayor (Mr. W. Radcliffe), at the Townhall, the Duke addressed a meeting in the hall, convened for the furtherance of the objects of the Royal College of Music; and in the evening he took part in a concert in aid of the object, given at the Philharmonic Hall, his Royal Highness playing a violin obligato to an "Ave Maria" sung by Mdle. Marie Roze. The Duke returned to town by the night mail.

The Duke of Connaught presented the medals for the Egyptian campaign to the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards yesterday week, on the parade-ground, Chelsea Barracks.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz left her residence in the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, last Saturday, on her return to Neu Strelitz.

THE CHURCH.

A beautiful marble statue of the late Dr. Duncombe, Dean of York, has been erected in the Minster by his family.

The Countess of Jersey opened at Bicester last week St. Edburgh's Hall, a building erected, at a cost of upwards of £1000, for church purposes.

Four well designed and harmoniously coloured Munich windows, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., have been added to the parish church of Crosthwaite, near Keswick.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed the Rev. T. F. Fenn, the Principal of Trent College, Nottingham, to the living of Whaplode, Lincolnshire.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts opened a bazaar at the National Schools, Laming-street, Easton-square, on Tuesday, in aid of the fund for establishing a missionary church in the district.

The Bishop of Newcastle was presented on Tuesday with the fittings and furniture that had been provided by public subscription for Benwell Tower, his official residence.

The Press Association's Truro correspondent telegraphed on Wednesday afternoon that the Bishop of Truro has been offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and that his Lordship has signified his acceptance of the office.

A painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in Semley church, Wilts, by Mr. V. F. Bennett Stanford, in memory of seven of his brother officers of the 43rd Regiment, who fell at the assault of the Gate Pa Fort, New Zealand, on April 30, 1861.

Addresses of welcome were presented to the Bishop of Newcastle last week at the cathedral from various temperance societies of the north of England. The Bishop said that he was thankful every day that he was a total abstainer. He was better in health, lighter in head, and heavier in purse for it.

To the Rev. C. E. Taunton, of St. John's, Harlow, who recently obstructed a Nonconformist funeral in the churchyard by refusing the procession admission by the ordinary entrance, the Bishop of St. Albans has written telling him that he had attempted an evasion of the law hitherto unheard of, and adding, "in my opinion, you have outraged all pious Christian feeling."

The Bishop of Durham has given his triennial charge to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Durham. His Lordship has divided his charge into two halves—the first, delivered on Thursday week, in Durham Cathedral, dealing exclusively with diocesan matters; and the second half, which was given at Bishop Auckland on Saturday, dealing with Church matters generally. There was a large attendance of clergy. Referring to the Salvation Army, the Bishop said it had many valuable lessons to teach them, if they would consent to learn them.

Two gipsies, named William Lee and Ada Boswell, were married in Bunbury parish church, Cheshire, on Tuesday. The bride was attended by a bridesmaid and the bridegroom by his brother. The bride was attired, according to gipsy custom, in a dark green dress, with white lace, apron, and cap, and she also wore a wreath of gold leaves. The bridesmaid was dressed in a black blue velvet dress, with white cap

adorned with pink chrysanthemums. Afterwards, by the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Garnett, of Haughton Hall, who accompanied the parties to the service, the bride and bridegroom, together with a number of gipsy friends and companions, returned to Haughton Hall, where breakfast was served in a gipsy tent on the lawn. Toasts were proposed in the Romany dialect, and the health of the giver of the feast was enthusiastically drunk.

REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.

The Drury Lane pantomime of "Sindbad the Sailor," will be of a very elaborate character, as neither time, pains, nor money have been spared in its preparation. One of the most striking features will be the procession of English Kings and Queens from William the Norman down to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who will walk out of the Tower of London with their attendants, and welcome the conquering heroes from Egypt. It might be appropriately called the March of Ages. The Kings and Queens by themselves, would not present such a very imposing array; but they will severally be followed by so many knights, pages, and men-at-arms, that there will be at least 500 persons on the stage at once; and though the boards at old Drury have been described as "like a town," there would not have been space enough for this procession, had not the manager bethought him at the eleventh hour that at the back there was a largeish building used for the storage of scenery; so the main wall has been pulled down, an archway formed, and the stage extended to exactly double its original dimensions. Every dress in its minutest detail has been studied from old books and drawings in the British Museum; and of such magnificent material and workmanship are some of them that they have cost not less than £35 a piece, and £1000 has been spent on them altogether. In selecting the ladies who will personate the queens, Mr. Harris has endeavoured to choose the style of face and figure most typical of the periods when they reigned, and report says that he has been marvelously successful. At the ordinary rehearsal, of which we give an illustration, all the performers, ladies and gentlemen, are in their common outdoor dress, instead of their theatrical costumes. As for Mr. Harris, his energy is almost incredible, for he marshals each "reign" separately and marches alongside them, stick in hand, till convinced that that particular detachment of his forces is prepared to do its duty. When satisfied with them, he calls for the next "reign," and so on, and so on, till all have gone through the part allotted to them. It is capital policy, for the master's eye does more work than both his hands; and, in this case, the overlooking of the smallest detail might spoil the effect of the whole, and what might occur if any of the following of Farmer George got mixed up with that of Bloody Mary is fearful to contemplate. The "business" of each sovereign is very realistic. King John is surrounded by turbulent Barons, who insist on obtaining his signature to Magna Charta, and Oliver Cromwell is very emphatic in his scorn for the mace. The ladies concerned with Henry VIII. form quite an imposing array, and that much-married monarch is the beau ideal of Bluff King Hal. Every individual is known to the enterprising lessee and manager by a number; and so clear is his conception of what each one has to do, that he instantly detects the slightest variation. Several thousand pounds have been laid out in bringing all the accessories of the procession to perfection; and if it be somewhat of a far cry from Sindbad the Sailor to the Sovereigns of our tight little island, the British lion admires pluck in everything, and public patronage will, no doubt, prove the new pantomime to be a paying venture.

Much amusement at Christmas parties will be caused by a box or two (tastefully got up) of the various cosques issued by Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co., of Milton-street, City.

It has been decided by the War Office to supplement the number of Martini-Henry rifles now in the hands of the Volunteers by a further issue of 3500, bringing up the total to 8000.

On Tuesday evening a selection from "The Messiah" was given for the benefit of Brompton Hospital by the St. Paul's, Onslow-square, Choral Association: solos by various members, assisted by Miss Patti Winter, the talented pupil of Mr. William Carter, the conductor, through whom the performance was organised.

Mr. Justice Chitty had before him on Wednesday an application for the appointment of a guardian of Miss Catherine Mary Ribaldi, the daughter of English parents, who is at present in a French convent. The young lady has just inherited £120,000 from Count Edgar Raimart de Bremont, her adopted father; but her right to the money is disputed in the French courts by the nephew of the testator. Mr. Justice Chitty appointed a guardian.

A fancy fair and bazaar was held at the Kensington Townhall last Monday in aid of the Homes for Gentlewomen, at 4, St. Anne's Park-terrace, Wandsworth, and Victoria Lodge, West Drayton. The institutions are established to afford homes for ladies possessed of small incomes insufficient for their maintenance, and who are precluded by age or infirmity from increasing their slender means. The stalls were well decked with useful and fancy articles, and the ladies who presided at the stalls were attired in fancy costumes.

A service of plate was on Monday presented to Fred. Archer, the famous jockey, at a dinner at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London. The testimonial had been subscribed for by a number of gentlemen connected with the turf, including the Master of Arbutnot, Lord Lurgan, Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Sir Matthew Wood, the Hon. R. Grosvenor, Viscount Cole, M.P., and Major Powell. An illuminated address, engrossed on vellum, set forth that the testimonial was "presented to F. Archer as a wedding souvenir, being an especial tribute to the sterling honesty, untiring energy, and praiseworthy manner in which he has always distinguished himself during his professional career." The testimonial consists of a service of plate for twenty-five persons, together with a tea and coffee service. Every article is of silver, save the knives, the handles of which are of pure ivory.

The eighty-fourth annual edition of that big book on a big subject, the "Post Office London Directory," is published by Messrs. Kelly and Co. for the ensuing year 1883, this work being a year or two older than the nineteenth century; and the growth of London during that period has gradually augmented the bulk of the volume to not less than 2618 close-printed pages, exclusive of advertisements, containing about three hundred entries upon each page. The total number of entries must be nearly three-quarters of a million, comprising both the street directory, which fills more than five hundred pages, and the classified names and addresses of persons included in the different lists of trades and professions, commercial, legal, "Court" or private residences, Parliamentary, clerical, postal, city, banking, assurance offices, and conveyance offices, arranged in the convenient familiar manner. We observe that the useful Map of London is now mounted on linen cloth. The "Suburban Directory" is a separate publication.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. have just issued some music appropriate to the festive aspect of the approaching season. Their special Christmas number of the "Musical Magazine" contains a varied selection of new and popular dance music, published in two forms—for pianoforte solo, and as piano duets. Waltzes, Galops, Polkas, and Quadrilles, bearing the more or less well-known names of Charles D'Albert, K. Meyer, A. Beck, J. Cooke, jun., and H. Morley, make up a series suited to most of the requirements of the ball-room.

The bright music of M. Planquette's "Rip van Winkle"—recently produced with much success at the Comedy Theatre—has been called into use for dance purposes by various arrangers. Quadrilles, a waltz, a polka, and a galop have been thus supplied by the experienced hand of Charles d'Albert. These are also from the house of Messrs. Chappell and Co.; who have issued other spirited pieces for dance purposes, among which are "Gretchen" Waltzes, by C. D'Albert, and "Pretty Foot" Polka, by L. C. Desormes. Three Pianoforte Fantasias on subjects from the same opera have been published by Messrs. Chappell. These pieces are effectively arranged by W. Smallwood. M. Planquette's popular music has also furnished the themes for a selection by A. van Biene for Pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments ad lib. Still more dance music remains to be mentioned as emanating from the house of Messrs. Chappell and Co. "Les Sauterelles" Polka, by Delbrück; "Visions d'Amour" Valse, by G. and A. Delbrück; and "Muriella" Polka, by Tito Lo-Posa; will all answer their intended purpose. Some melodious songs are also in Messrs. Chappell's parcel. These are Signor Piatti's expressive "Hymn to God the Father" (words by Ben Jonson), recently introduced, with great success, by Mr. Santley at the Monday Popular Concerts; Miss Maude Valérie White's setting of the lines, "Ye Cupids droop each little head" (words from "Catullus," by Lord Byron); "One proof more," by A. Samuelli (words by Thomas Moore); "Where thou art," by W. Fullerton; "I know it by thy song," by Hermann Klein (words by Mrs. Hemans); and "Darling, Mine," by Louis Engel.

"An Old Letter," "I Sang to My Heart," and "A Ray of Light," are the titles of three very pleasing and melodious songs, composed, respectively, by A. J. Caldicott, C. Marshall, and F. L. Moir; and published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., from whom we have also an effective military march entitled "Toujours Prêt," for the pianoforte, by M. Watson.

Other welcome contributions from R. Cocks and Co. are "Consider the Lilies," a sacred song, by G. Adelmund; and "A Rhine Legend," a very pretty cantata for ladies' voices, by A. J. Caldicott. The pianoforte pieces, "En badinant," and "Minuetto," by Francis Thomé, will please, being tuneful and easy. "Il Penseroso e l'Allegro," by Cotsford Dick, will find admirers, and several spirited waltzes, galops, and polkas will make their way into the ball-room at Christmas. The most attractive are "With Thee" and "The Rose Maiden," two waltzes by F. Zeffel; "The Silver Star" (polka), "The Stirrup" (galop), and "La Luna," (valse), by R. Herzen.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s establishment is especially renowned for the number and general merit of songs and ballads published by them. Among recent issues, the following may be commended. Mr. Blumenthal's "Thy hand in mine," Signor Ciro Piusuti's "The Crescent and the Cross," Mr. Theo. Marzials's "It only," Mr. J. L. Molloy's "Always together," Mr. Stephen Adams's "Moon-Daisies," and Mr. F. L. Moir's "Wondering." All these are replete with melody of an essentially vocal character, and devoid of technical difficulty. They have been sung with marked success by eminent vocalists at the well-known ballad concerts directed by Mr. John Boosey.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have lately brought out some pleasing songs, all of which are easy as to technical execution, and lie within such moderate vocal compass as to be available for voices of any range. Among them are "Pictures in the Fire," by J. M. Molloy; "Behind the Clouds," by J. M. Coward; "A Breeze from Shore" and "A Song of Spain," by A. Goring Thomas (the words of both these by Mrs. Hemans); "I'm longing for something" (words and music by Maria E. H. Stisted), and "Jack's New Yarn, or Egypt," a song, in the robust nautical style, by W. East.

"Songs from Wonderland," words by Lewis Carroll (Weckes and Co.) will be especially welcome to the juvenile public. The musical settings have been well done by "Philippa" (Mrs. A. C. Pearson). The twelve pieces here presented are extremely simple, yet the melodies are well marked and peculiarly calculated to interest childish ears.

Some easy adaptations as Duets for Ladies' Voices, by T. Crampton, are before us. They are published by B. Williams, and are suitable for drawing-room purposes. The prettiest are: "Oh! fragrant pine" (German folksied), "Rural Song" (Old English melody), and "Evening on the waters" (Weber).

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. send an agreeable variety of vocal music. Among the songs we like best are "When Love doth Pace," by Emily J. Troup; "Echoes," by C. R. Tennant; and "To my Love," and "The Rain is Falling," by Constance Bache. "A Proposal," duet for tenor and soprano, by C. Trevor, is quaint in character. "Sechs Liebeslieder von Heine," are graceful compositions by A. Hervey; and "The Fairy's Serenade," part-song, by T. A. Matthey, is light and pleasing. Two sonatinas—for the pianoforte—by Oscar Beringer, will be acceptable; as will be a "Scherzetto," also for pianoforte, or pianoforte and violin, or as pianoforte duet, by Maude V. White.

"Romeo's Good-Night," is a setting of Shakspeare's words by Marie Corelli, published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. The melody is pleasing, although simple, and the style of the serenade is well preserved throughout.

"Rest, my Birdie, rest" (Lyon and Hall), is a lullaby composed by Ernest Gill, whose music is of a soothing and agreeable character, appropriate to the feeling of the words.

The Organ Works of John Sebastian Bach (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). The second book of this beautiful edition of the organ music of the grand old Leipzig cantor has just been issued. Like its predecessor, it is carefully edited by Dr. Bridge and Mr. James Higgs, who have supplied prefatory remarks and indications of effective combinations and changes of stops. The pieces included in this issue are the sublime "Alta Breve" movement in D, the "Canzona" in D minor; the grand Fugue in the same key known as the "Giant"; a Fugue in G minor (on two subjects), the beautiful Prelude and Fugue in E minor, first introduced into this country by Mendelssohn; a Prelude and Fugue in C minor (not one in the first published set of six); and a Trio in D minor.

Mrs. Gladstone opened a bazaar at Mold on Tuesday in aid of the fund for the enlargement of Mold and Gwernymynydd National Schools. She expressed herself very pleased to be present to aid the good work. A vote of thanks was passed with acclamation to Mrs. Gladstone, reference being made to the help and comfort which the Premier had received from her



REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

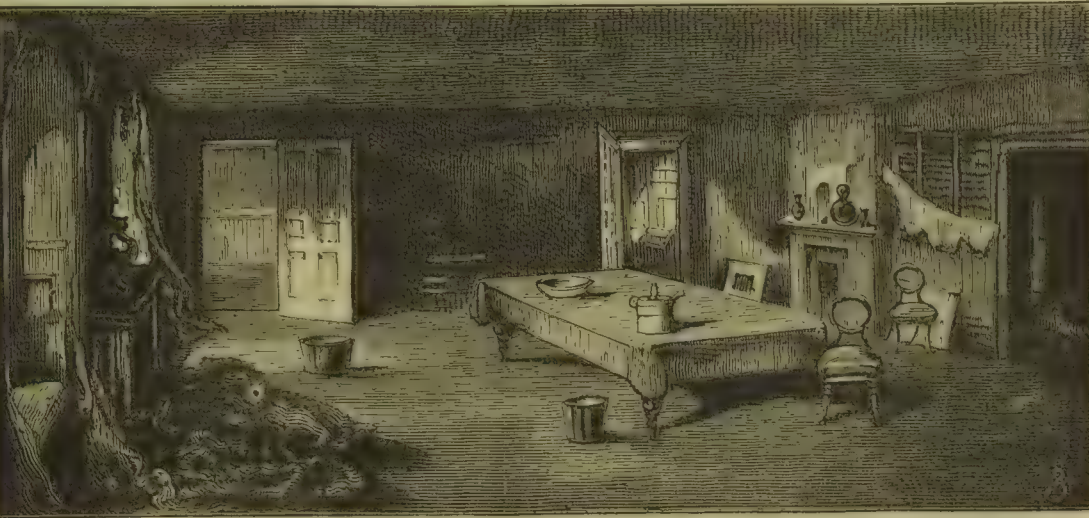
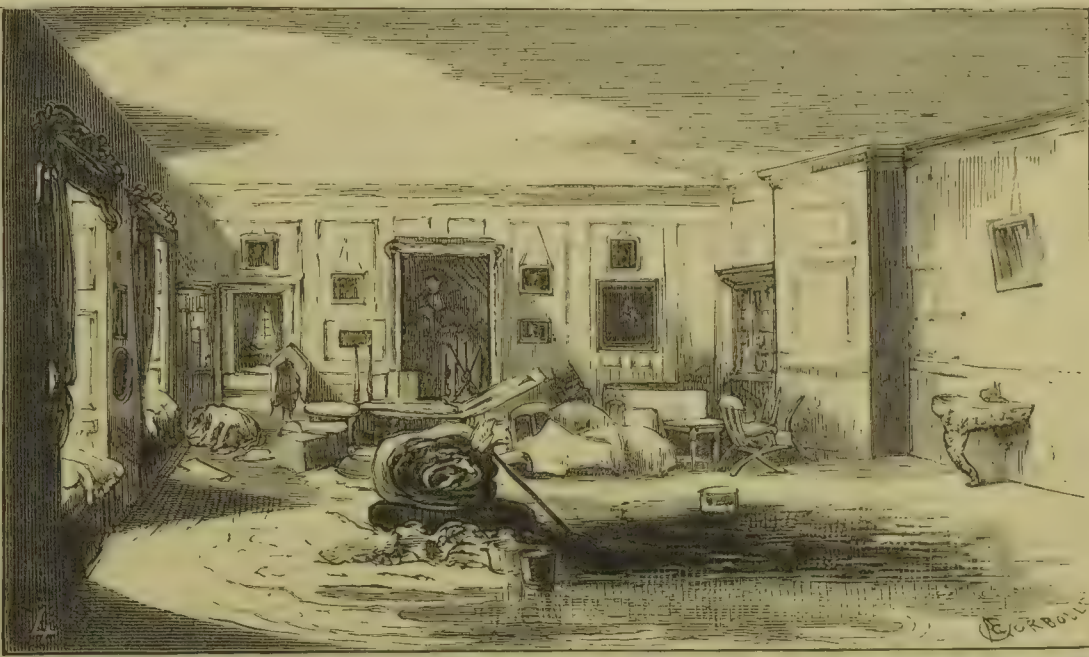
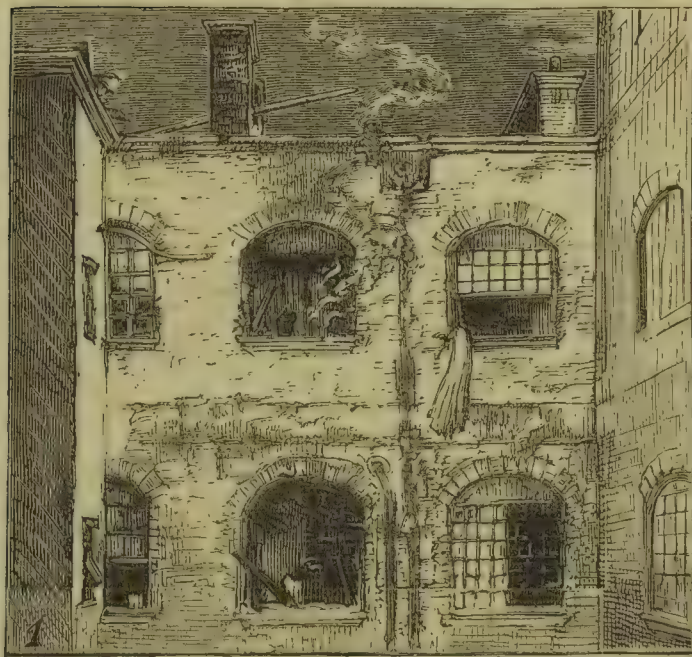
MISS FANNY KELLY.

A few weeks ago Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole took the train down to Feltham, in Middlesex, on the invitation of a venerable lady who, living unknown and in complete retirement, was still the eldest living actress in England. Here, affectionately tended by Miss Greville, her constant companion, lived the once-celebrated Fanny Kelly, the successor of Mrs. Jordan, the model of Mrs. Keeley, the friend of Munden, Edmund Kean, and the theatrical stars of a generation passed away. Who could have believed that an actress born in December, 1790, and who made her first appearance on any stage in 1807, was at ninety-three years of age alive and well, with her full faculties, her memory in marvellous condition, and prepared to discuss with the most famous actors of the present the best and greatest actors of the past? Good taste does not permit us to dwell upon the particulars of this memorable visit, or to describe in any detail the gentle resignation of the old lady so closely approaching her end and looking forward so calmly to the rest that had been so long delayed; but one of the great advantages of it was a grant to Frances Maria Kelly, out of the Civil Funds, by the Prime Minister, of £150. To secure this the active co-operation and energy of Mr. Charles Kent, the old friend of Charles Dickens, had been employed. Within a few days of the actors' visit and Mr. Gladstone's grant the old actress was being carried to her grave in Brompton Cemetery, her last desire having been expressed to the effect that the public grant should be returned to the Prime Minister, in order that those should not suffer who were more deserving of it. Thus passes away the oldest link between the past and present generation of actors. Fanny Kelly, who was the niece of the celebrated Michael Kelly, the composer, first distinguished herself by her extraordinary musical gift. At nine years of age she could read and sing at sight any piece of music placed in her hands. Her services as a "singing child" were constantly in requisition; but in 1807, having been struck by the extraordinary talent of Mrs. Jordan, she resolved to become an actress. She made her first appearance at Glasgow, and was transferred to the Haymarket in 1808, under George Colman's management, all her ambition being fettered by an uncon-



THE LATE MISS KELLY AS A SCOTCH FISHWIFE.

querable nervousness. Eventually Mr. Arnold took a great interest in this clever young lady, and she became a member of the English Opera House, now known as the Lyceum. She was then considered the successful rival of the far-famed Signora Stora. From the Haymarket she proceeded to Drury Lane, and soon had no equal in the delineation of characters in domestic drama or homely melodrama. Miss Kelly was regarded as the most natural actress of her time; her forte was direct and homely pathos, and she was so versatile that she could really play anything at a pinch, from Lady Teazle to Madge in "Love in a Village." She was a mixture between the styles of Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Kendal, and regarded as inimitable in servants' parts requiring strong comedy and in sensational plays of exciting domestic interest. Among her greatest characters were her representation of the Scotch fishwife, those of Mary in "The Innkeeper's Daughter," Annette in "The Maid and the Magpie," and the leading character, Lisette, in a drama called "The Sergeant's Wife." In this play Miss Kelly held her audience literally spell-bound. There was one scene in which she was supposed to see a murder committed through cracks in the wall of a wretched hovel, and she electrified her audience. This play was selected for Fanny Kelly's farewell benefit at Drury Lane on June 8, 1835, together with Wycherley's "Country Girl," and a grand concert. On that memorable occasion Mrs. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, and O. Smith assisted. Having amassed a very tolerable fortune, and led a most respected life, Miss Kelly determined to do what she could for the profession to which she was so much attached. So she decided to found a dramatic school, very much on the same plan as the one now started in Argyll-street, Regent-street. Miss Kelly was living then in one of the old mansions still in existence in Dean-street, Soho; and, having acquired the property adjoining it, she built a theatre with the intention of guiding and instructing the pupils under her own eye. In an unwise moment she was persuaded to open her theatre to the public with some new-fangled machinery for working the scenes. The theatre was pronounced to be charming—a perfect *bijou* establishment; but the project failed. Miss Kelly's Theatre was closed after a few nights, and the hard-earned savings of



1. Room where the fire began.

2. Interior of the same.

3. Mrs. Crofton's dining-room.

4. Lady Torrens's drawing-room.

a life-time were pounced upon by her creditors. At this moment the theatre is being pulled down that ruined Miss Fanny Kelly. The Royalty Theatre is no more, and soon another establishment will rise upon its ruins. From that day to this, when the kind-hearted lady attempted to devote her savings to the amelioration of her profession—moral and artistic—nothing has been heard of Fanny Kelly. She lived in honest and honourable retirement, crippled by a small income, until she was found in her little cottage by Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole, and died quietly amidst the general respect of all who knew her. An interesting series of drawings, published by Ackermann long ago, represents the favourite actress in some of her best characters, from which, by permission, we have copied that of "The Scotch Fishwife," selected as the one most free from any assumed expression, and therefore nearest to a personal portrait.

FIRE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

A fire broke out at Hampton Court Palace on Thursday morning, last week, which at one time threatened to destroy a large number of treasured works of art. Some of these, especially valuable tapestries, were injured, though more by water than by fire, and a great national disaster was happily averted by the prompt measures taken by the fireman in the palace and the ample efficient appliances fixed in the building. Some furniture was destroyed, and, unhappily, a domestic servant was suffocated. The fire was discovered at ten minutes to eight o'clock in the morning. It broke out in a suite of private apartments, occupied by widow ladies, Court pensioners and others, to whom this privilege is granted by the Queen, at the south side of the quadrangle called Fountain Court, which is part of the east wing of the palace. Lady Georgina Grey had her suite in the lower part, and Lady Torrens and Mrs. Fitzroy (widow of the late Admiral Fitzroy) had their apartments on the top floor, the one beneath being occupied by Mrs. C. H. Hoare and Mrs. Crofton. The origin of the fire was in the sleeping apartment of the servant of the latter lady; but it was first discovered by a servant of Mrs. Hoare, who heard a loud crackling, and, while crossing Fountain Court, noticed smoke and flames issuing from a servant's bed-room in Mrs. Crofton's apartments. She ran in there, and gave the alarm to Mrs. Crofton's cook, Elizabeth Lucas, who had just left the bedroom which was on fire. Elizabeth Lucas hastened, in great terror, to the bed-rooms of her mistress and of Miss Crofton; and told them what had happened. Miss Crofton sent her to call Mr. Moorman, foreman of the works at the Palace and superintendent of the fire brigade. She went partly through the rooms upon that errand, but the smoke apparently overcame her, for about half an hour afterwards her lifeless body was discovered in the room adjoining that in which the fire originated, she having apparently staggered back a few paces and then fallen to the ground, where she lay until she was suffocated. All the other persons in this and the adjoining apartments escaped in good time. The Palace Fire Brigade, composed of workmen employed on the premises, and volunteers from the village, under the direction of Superintendent Moorman, was soon in active operation. The recent addition of a stationary steam-engine, used for charging the hydrants at an elevated position, proved invaluable on this occasion. There was not sufficient power in the hydrants below to reach the fire, but when the steam was "up" and seven powerful jets of water were applied capital work was accomplished. By this time a large body of the 4th Hussars, under Captain Ramsay and Captain Slade, had arrived on the scene, and considerable aid was thus rendered in the removal of valuable property; and the presence of Mr. Edwin Chart, the resident Clerk of the Works, proved of great value in the direction of those assisting in the protection of the property. The fire burned fiercely at the top, and it was found necessary to tear away the lead from the roof in order to pour the water on it. Help was summoned from various quarters, and the brigades from Kingston, Surbiton, Twickenham, and Richmond responded with creditable rapidity. By nine o'clock, however, Superintendent Moorman and his men had succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading.

The ancient part of the Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey, had not been much endangered; and the picture-galleries, which are for the most part on the first floor, do not seem to have been injured, except by water and rough and hurried removal. The apartments in the east facade, which was built by Sir Christopher Wren for William III., are the Prince of Wales's apartments, the Public Dining-room, the Queen's Drawing-room, the Tapestry Gallery, and Queen Mary's Closet. These look out upon the grounds. The Queen's Chapel, the Private Dressing-room, the King's Dressing-room, and George II.'s Chamber lie between the first-named rooms and the Fountain Court and Cloisters. As the residences of the ladies who have been named were immediately above the Queen's Gallery, Queen Anne's Bed-room, and George II.'s Bed-room, much fear was occasioned in that direction. Into each of the Royal apartments named the water came in torrents, and in that respect only has damage been sustained. No permanent injury, however, is anticipated to the tapestries from the celebrated designs from Charles Le Brun, the water having mostly affected that of "Alexander's Triumphant Entry into Babylon," and none of the pictures are spoiled. The actual damage to the building would not exceed £5000; out of the ten private rooms that had been attacked about six of them had suffered from fire, the others from various causes. An inquest on the death of the servant was held on Saturday by the Coroner of Her Majesty's Household, Mr. Manning. It appeared that, in Mrs. Crofton's suite of apartments, five paraffin lamps and one benzoline lamp had been in use. The unfortunate servant woman, Elizabeth Lucas, was heard to say something about a lamp being upset when she was told that the fire had broken out; and one of the paraffin lamps, used for boiling a kettle of water, was found near the door of her room. The jury at the inquest, therefore, stated their opinion that this was the cause of the fire, and recommended that the use of mineral oils should be forbidden within the Palace. Our illustrations show the effects of the fire in the apartments of Mrs. Crofton and Lady Torrens, as well as the place where it began.

The Commissioners of Sewers have resolved to increase the width of Wood-street by five feet.

Journalistic London, by Joseph Hatton (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington), is a reprint, with considerable additions, of a series of articles contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. It begins with some account of the Cock Tavern as the centre of that "Line of Literature" which is comprehended in Fleet-street and the Strand. Then the reader is introduced to the principal newspaper offices and told all about their editors, and contributors, many of whose portraits are given. The history of the newspaper press is a subject of much interest both to British and American readers, and Mr. Hatton's pleasant gossiping chapters will be welcomed by all who wish to increase their knowledge of the "Fourth Estate."

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Lord Carlingford distributed the prizes at Fortescue College, Radstock, Somerset, last Monday.

A Post-Office notice states that on and after Jan. 1 all threepenny and sixpenny postage-stamps issued will be printed in a purple colour, and over-printed with their values in red.

Guntton Hall, North Walsham, the seat of Lord Suffield, was to a large extent destroyed by fire on Monday. Most of the pictures, and a large proportion of the furniture, were saved.

Mr. J. B. Holroyd, clerk to the Halifax borough magistrates, has been appointed clerk to the West Riding magistrates sitting at Halifax and Todmorden.

The Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn for next year, in succession to Sir J. De Gex.

Mr. Newton's fifth lecture, the last of his present course at University College, on "Ancient Greek Painting," treated of the mural paintings in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabia.

Count Münster, the German Ambassador, presided last Saturday evening over the sixty-fifth anniversary dinner of the German Society of Benevolence. Subscriptions to the amount of £820 were announced.

The ship *Nerbudda*, 1559 tons, Captain Calder, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 17th inst., with 432 emigrants.

Mr. G. T. Sotheron-Estcourt, M.P. for North Wilts, has remitted 10 per cent. of their last half-year's rents to his East Yorkshire tenants.—The Marquis of Ailesbury has granted the tenants on his Wiltshire property a reduction of 20 per cent.

A public meeting, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Birkbeck, M.P., was held at Fishmongers' Hall, London-bridge, on Wednesday, for the purpose of establishing a national fish cultural association of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Creswick, the actor, lectured to the members of the London Institution last Monday evening on the respective merits of Shakespeare and Bulwer Lytton. His remarks were interspersed with recitals, illustrative of the matter in hand.

The annual distribution of exhibitions and prizes in connection with the Haberdashers' Schools at Hoxton took place on Monday afternoon. The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, presided.

Portrait models of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., K.C.B., and Lieutenant-General Sir John Miller Adye, G.C.B., are added to the list of celebrities of the Egyptian campaign at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

The Court of the Clothworkers' Company have sent the committee of the Artisans' Association for the Advancement of Technical Education a cheque for £25 for the establishment of technical classes in the metropolis on the plan of those conducted at the Artisans' Institute.

Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., accompanied by Lady Brassey, opened a Fisherman's institute at Hastings on Tuesday. The building, which was erected a short time ago in all Saints'-street as a Coffee Palace, has been bought for £1400 by a number of ladies and gentlemen. The gift was gratefully acknowledged.

Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., distributed on Tuesday at King's College the prizes gained by the pupils at that school during the last term. He remarked that the school had well maintained its high reputation, as evidenced recently by the winning of an open scholarship of Balliol by one of the pupils.

John Norris Saunders, accused at the Central Criminal Court of sending a threatening letter to Mr. Gladstone, was shown to be of unsound mind, and ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.—At Bow-street on Monday John Crumder was committed for trial for sending letters threatening the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 261 cattle, 1607 sheep, 5278 quarters of beef, and 1223 carcasses of mutton, showing a decrease in live stock, and also a falling off to the extent of over five thousand quarters of beef when contrasted with the figures of the preceding week.

A scheme has been formulated by the President of the Wesleyan Conference to erect a memorial Chapel, School, and Manse at Epworth, the birthplace of John and Charles Wesley. The premises are to be erected at an estimated outlay of £7000, which amount is to be raised by lady collectors. An average of £10 from each circuit will yield the money required.

Mr. Boehm, sculptor in ordinary to the Queen, has been commissioned by her Majesty to execute a marble bust of the late Archbishop of Canterbury for Windsor Castle. Mr. Boehm has also been intrusted with the memorial to the late Dean of Windsor, consisting in a recumbent effigy in marble which, with its sarcophagus, will be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

There were 2569 births and 1996 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 66 below whereas the deaths exceeded by 182 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. No fewer than 637 persons died during the week from diseases of the respiratory organs, under the influence of the continuous fog. No death from smallpox was recorded.

Messrs. Harrison write to state that the first complete list of the recipients of the Victoria Cross was compiled and published in Burke's Peerage for 1880, published by them. That list contained the name of every recipient of the Victoria Cross, both living and deceased, since the institution of the decoration. The current edition of Burke's Peerage (noticed in another column) contains a list of all living holders of the Victoria Cross.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., presiding on Monday night at the distribution of prizes at the West London School of Art, Great Titchfield-street, dwelt on the progress in art-culture made in England in recent years; but said that British workmen, if they wished to hold their own in art, must be prepared to compete with a race in France and Belgium, at Munich and Dresden, who had the advantages of generations of art traditions, and who had always before them the best examples of art-work.—Mr. Mundella distributed the prizes at Wesley College, Sheffield, on Tuesday.

The annual meeting of the Royal Historical Society—Lord Aberdare, the president, in the chair—was held on the 14th inst. In moving the adoption of the report of the council, Lord Aberdare called attention to the improved financial condition of the society. He reminded the society of the high intellectual qualities of Mr. Grote, its first president, and said that the true way to increase the membership of the society was by increasing its attractions. The leading societies ask the leading men of the day to read papers at their meetings; and he thought that the Historical Society would do well to follow their example. He had ventured to ask several men of note, and he had much pleasure in saying that Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Richard Temple had at once kindly assented. Mr. Oscar Browning, too, had promised a paper, and there was reason to hope that Professor Seeley would read one also.

After eight days' play, the first prize in the Blenheim Billiard Tournament has fallen to William Cook, who for some years past has been singularly unsuccessful in these contests. Both he and Joseph Bennett, who started with him from scratch, won six games each. The tie was decided on Tuesday evening, when Cook was in great form, and won very easily. So much interest has been taken in the tournaments recently played at the Blenheim that Mr. Cook intends to promote another in February next, when an even greater success might be scored if the task of handicapping were placed in more competent hands.

A supper to the criminal classes was given on Tuesday night at the Mission Chapel in Little Wild-street, at which nearly 200 were entertained. Mr. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigations, presided at a meeting which followed, and said that the Duke of Albany had desired to be present, but was unavoidably detained in the country. The mission was doing a vast amount of good, and they would be sorry to hear that at present it was penniless. Mrs. Vincent presented twenty men with silver watches for having gained the esteem of their employers and kept their situations for more than twelve months. Amongst the guests on the platform were the Earl of Fife, Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Saunders (one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates), Captain Harvey (Governor of the House of Correction), Captain Kirkpatrick (House of Detention), Captain Millman (Holloway Prison), Mr. Round, M.P., and many ladies and gentlemen well known in connection with mission work. Mr. George Hatton, the founder of the Mission, and Mr. Wheatley, the secretary, gave their reports upon the past year's work, which were eminently hopeful and satisfactory.

Londoners will be able to congratulate themselves by-and-by upon the addition of a new statue to the metropolis, and one whose art merits will not, like so many which might be named, make them blush in presence of the critical foreigner. The statue of Robert Burns, which in all probability will be erected in the gardens of the Thames Embankment next summer (for the assistant engineer to the Board of Works has been instructed to report on the matter), will be of heroic proportions, and executed in bronze, after the design of Sir John Steell, of Edinburgh, sculptor to her Majesty for Scotland. To a certain extent, it will be a replica of the same artist's figure of the poet which has been erected in the great park of New York. The Bard looks upwards in a wrapt attitude, and is supposed to be in the act of composing the beautiful song, "To Mary in Heaven." The pedestal will be in red granite, and will be placed in the capable hands of Messrs. MacDonald, Field, and Company, of Aberdeen. The gentleman to whom the public are indebted for this work of art is Mr. John Gordon Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant, who has long made London his home, and is known in most of those circles which are identified with philanthropy, progress, and patriotism.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 30.

SUNDAY, DEC. 24.	
Fourth Sunday in Advent. George I., King of Greece, born, 1845. Morning Lessons: Isaiah xxx. 1-27; Rev. xiv. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxxii. or xxxiii. 2-23; Rev. xv. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. L. Price, Minor Canon; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Rowsell; 7 p.m., Rev. Gordon Cuthbert. St. James's, noon.	St. Paul's Cathedral, 11.30 a.m., the Bishop of Tasmania; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. H. L. Paget. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. E. Paget. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Haig- Brown, Head Master of the Charter House; 7 p.m., Rev. C. H. Mid- dleton-Wake, Assistant Chaplain.
MONDAY, DEC. 25.	
Christmas Day. Morning Lessons: Isaiah ix. 1-8; Luke ii. 1-15. Evening Lessons: Isaiah vii. 10-17; Titus iii. 4-9. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Church. St. James's, noon, Rev. Francis Garden.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Bradley; 3 p.m., recreation. Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. Canon Tindal. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain.
TUESDAY, DEC. 26.	
St. Stephen, the first martyr. Bank Holiday.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Archdeacon Hessey. Kempton Park Races.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27.	
St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, general court, 11.30 a.m.	
THURSDAY, DEC. 28.	
Holy Innocents. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Christmas Lectures, Professor Tyndall on Light and the Eye.	London Institution, 7 p.m., Pro- fessor O. J. Lodge on Ether and Its Functions. Inventors' Institute, 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, DEC. 29.	
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone born, 1809.	
SATURDAY, DEC. 30.	
Accession of Alfonso XII., King of Spain, 1874.	Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Tyndall on Light and the Eye.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 31 feet.

DATE.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in Direction.	Rain or Snow.	Bar. in inches.	Therm. in F.	Therm. in C.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 4 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.	Direction.						
December	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°			Miles.	In.			
1	30.36	45.3	44.4	96	10	50.6	35.8	SSW.		365	0.060			
2	29.078	40.8	34.7	79	6	50.6	37.8	WSW.		373	0.040			
3	29.074	36.0	32.5	87	10	40.8	35.3	W. NW.		273	0.040			
4	29.143	33.3	28.2	82	10	37.6	32.8	NW. W. SW.		315	0.010			
5	29.130	32.2	29.0	88	10	34.5	25.5	SW. F. N.		253	0.020			
6	29.355	34.7	31.9	89	8	37.4	33.4	N. NW.		258	0.000			
7	29.668	34.1	30.5	87	5	38.3	30.4	WNW.		148	0.000			
8	29.726	24.3	21.3	100	10	30.9	23.5	W. (T)		120	0.000			
9	29.734	25.5	25.5	100	10	26.7	22.3	(T) W. SW.		120	0.000			
10	29.645	30.5	27.4	89	10	33.4	26.3	SW. ESE.		197	0.015			
11	29.629	40.0	36.8	88	7	44.5	30.8	E. SSW.		170	0.005			
12	29.692	37.3	37.1	99	10	40.5	36.3	SE. E. NE.		152	0.005			
13	29.818	38.1	38.1	100	10	41.2	36.2	NNE.		38	0.020			
14	29.834	42.2	41.1	95	10	46.5	35.7	ESE.		208	0.050			

• Rain and snow. † Snow. ‡ Rain and snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

FROM DEC. 3 TO DEC. 9.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.462	29.083	29.045	29.202	29.161	29.285	29.7				
Temperature of Air	44.4	42.0	35.7	39.1	32.1	33.8	37.0				
Temperature of Evaporation	42.0	39.6	33.5	32.0	31.6	33.0	37.0				
Direction of Wind	SSW.	WSW.	WNW.	NW.	W.	N.	W.				
FROM DEC. 9 TO DEC. 16.											
Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.748	29.759	29.701	29.617	29.686	29.658	29.74				
Temperature of Air	41.1	35.8	30.1	41.4	42.2	36.1	42.4				
Temperature of Evaporation	21.1	25.7	29.8	30.6	30.7	37.1	41.3				
Direction of Wind	W. (T)	W. (T)	ESE.	ESE.	NNE.	NNE.	SE.				

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 31.

Hour.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 13	1 40	2 12	2 45	3 8	3 43	4 8
2 13	2 40	3 12	3 45	4 8	4 43	5 8
3 13	3 40	4 12	4 45	5 8	5 43	6 8
4 13	4 40	5 12	5 45	6 8	6 43	7 8
5 13	5 40	6 12	6 45	7 8	7 43	8 8
6 13	6 40	7 12	7 45	8 8	8 43	9 8
7 13	7 40	8 12	8 45	9 8	9 43	10 8
8 13	8 40	9 12	9 45	10 8	10 43	11 8
9 13	9 40	10 12	10 45	11 8	11 43	12 8
10 13	10 40	11 12	11 45	12 8	12 43	1 8
11 13	11 40	12 12	12 45	1 8	1 43	2 8
12 13	12 40	1 12	1 45	2 8	2 43	3 8

IRELAND.

Mr. Parnell presided over a conference of the Irish National League at Dublin yesterday week, at which 400 representatives were present. On Sunday evening Mr. Parnell addressed his constituents at Cork. He detailed the legislation relating to Ireland since the withdrawal of the "No-rent" Manifesto, and contended that all he had urged had been justified by what had happened. A branch of the "National League," founded at the Dublin Conference in October, was formally established at a meeting in Cork on Monday. Mr. Parnell was in the chair, and spoke with some emphasis of the undertaking as "perfectly legal and constitutional."

Mr. Joseph Biggar, speaking on Monday night at the inauguration of the National Club in the city of Waterford, declared that nothing but legislative independence for Ireland would satisfy the Irish people. He denounced Earl Spencer as a bloodthirsty English peer, who was satisfied of the innocence of Francis Haynes when he hanged him; who was satisfied of Myles Joyce's innocence when he hanged him; and who sacrificed their lives to satisfy the gratification of the English Whig party which he represented. These observations were greeted with prolonged cheers.

A new set of proclamations, renewing the offers of reward for information in reference to the attack on Mr. Field and the Phoenix Park murders, were issued last Saturday night. The authorities in Dublin Castle are closely engaged in the inquiry relative to the murders of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and it is believed that important discoveries have been made. Sergeant Danvers, by command of the Duke of Cambridge, was on Thursday week, at Dublin, presented with the good-conduct medal and a gratuity of £5, in consideration of his courageous assistance to the police in the recent attack upon them in Abbey-street. The garrison paraded in full strength, and General Lord Clarina made the presentation. A gold watch, the gift of the Irish Bar, was at the same time handed to the sergeant. The Dublin police last Saturday night made an extensive search for arms. Over twenty public-houses, believed to be the haunts of assassins and conspirators, were simultaneously visited, and every one in them searched. Although the houses were crowded no arms or treasonable documents were seized, and no resistance was offered. Two men arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Phoenix Park murders have been discharged.

At the South Tipperary Presentment Sessions, just terminated, upwards of £9000 was awarded to persons claiming for malicious injuries. The outrages consisted of incendiary fires, firing into houses, and maiming of cattle.

Myles Joyce, Patrick Joyce, and Patrick Casey, who had been convicted of having taken part in the Maamtrasna murders in August last, were hanged within the walls of Galway Jail yesterday week. To the last Myles Joyce asserted his innocence. Thomas Higgins, the second man who has been tried for the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, was on Saturday found guilty, and sentenced to death. The trial of Michael Flynn for the murder of the Huddys at Cloughbrack on Jan. 3 last was resumed on Wednesday morning, when the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged on Jan. 17. After the Judge had pronounced the sentence, the prisoner said, "Thank you, Sir; I am as willing to go there (looking upwards) as to go home. I wish you all good day." He then turned and left the dock.—Thomas Westgate, the self-accused murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, was brought up at the Dublin Police Court on Tuesday. After some formal evidence had been given, the prisoner was remanded.

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secretary, Dr. George Grove, with a more particular account of its plan of operations. Resolutions in favour of this national undertaking, with a specific recommendation that one or more life scholarships should be endowed for Liverpool students, were unanimously adopted. In the evening, his Royal Highness, who is president of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, personally took part in the performances of a grand concert given by this Society, at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, in aid of the Funds of the Royal College of Music. It was, as the Duke of Edinburgh mentioned in his speech at the Townhall, the ninety-sixth anniversary of

the birthday of Weber; in commemoration of which the concert began with the overture to Weber's popular opera "Der Freischütz;" but this was followed by a good selection of other vocal and instrumental pieces. Madame Marie Roze, fresh from a provincial tour of opera which has been a brilliant series of successes, sang Gounod's arrangement of Bach's first prelude to the words "Ave Maria," with a solemn expression and fine vocal effect. The violin obligato, an important feature, was undertaken by his Royal Highness, whose performance was enthusiastically applauded, and was repeated. Madame Roze also sang Auber's arrangement of Paladilhe's well-known "Mandolinata," which so pleased the audience that

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a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and a
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she accepted the encore, and substituted the "Last Rose of Summer." Among the other performances were the No. 3 Leonora overture of Beethoven, and the "Ruy Blas" of Mendelssohn, besides a number of minor pieces, the chief of which were a short selection from Goldmark's symphony, "Rustic Wedding," the popular pizzicato from Delibes' ballet music, the gavotte from "Mignon," and last, but not least, the "Galatea Waltz," with the composition of which his Royal Highness is credited, and which, to quote a local critic, shows "neat melodic capacity and considerable knowledge of orchestral effects and the art of scoring for band. In all the orchestral work there were evidences of earnestness and musical intelligence; and the items were played in a manner at once creditable to the distinguished amateurs composing the band and to the enjoyment of the audience, who redemanded more than one item. The vocal music was supplied by Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Frank Boyle, who sang a couple of songs in his usual pleasing manner. The arrangements for the concert were ably carried out by the hon. secretary, Mr. J. Ramsay Dow, to whose efficient management much of the success secured is referable; and the performance was conducted most competently by Mr. George Mount."

THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL NEW BUILDINGS.

A description of the stately edifice on the Victoria Thames Embankment, near Blackfriars Bridge, opened by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on Tuesday last week, and some views both of the front and the interior, have appeared in this Journal. It has been erected by the Corporation of London, this business intrusted to a Committee of which Mr. Pearce Morrison is Chairman, for the better accommodation of the City of London School, an endowed day-school for above six hundred boys, removed from Milk-street, Cheapside. We now present a few additional views of the new building; the inner entrance-hall, grand staircase and landing; the statue of John Carpenter, Town Clerk of the City in the fifteenth century, who bequeathed the property by which this school has been founded; the boys' gymnasium; the Committee or Board Room; and the playground with adjacent buildings, all which have been described. The architects were Messrs. Davis and Emanuel; the builders were Messrs. Mowlem and Co., and we may add that Mr. John Jackson was general foreman, and Mr. Charles Till Clerk of Works, who was last engaged at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

ALL HAIL!

The poet sings in honeyed rhyme,
"It is not always May!"—
The Spring but lasts a little time;
Soon Summer flies away.
But heed not all the poet sings;—
Too oft a fickle guide.
One friend at least the Winter brings.
All hail to Christmastide!
Come back! we lack thy presence here.
Thrice honoured guest, return!
For thee shall be the princely cheer;
The log shall brightly burn.
For thee the grand-fire and the boy
Shall revel side by side
With dame sedate and maiden coy.
All hail to Christmastide!
Once more the merry nights we greet
Of pantomimic reign,
And hear the Clown his cry repeat
Of "Here we are again!"
While Harlequin and Pantaloon
And Columbine divide
The honours with our loved buffoon.
All hail to Christmastide!
Ay, let the drear December send
Its frosts, and fogs, and snow.
A dozen months approach their end.
No matter. Let them go.
No matter what hath been the past;
Or what the future hide.
Our years are brightest at their last.
All hail to Christmastide!
HENRY S. LEIGH.

"FORTY WINKS."

A rather humorous apologetic phrase, "only forty winks," has often been used by men caught napping in the day-time to excuse their indulgence in a short fit of slumber. We have also heard of "forty whiffs" to signify the smoking of a pipe, and some etymologists are of the opinion that, probably, the one expression was incidentally derived from the other. This connection is the more likely, as "forty winks," to the best of our remembrance, was always a masculine way of speaking of occasional sleep; and we are even inclined to believe that it originated among sailors. The brisk young Jack Tar, for example, who has come home from service aboard one of her Majesty's ironclad ships on the coast of Egypt, when he suddenly enters the kitchen of Mr. Nupkins's house at Ipswich, and finds Mary, the pretty young cook—not Sam Weller's Mary, who was housemaid there a long time ago—happily yielding to drowsy unconsciousness on her seat before the fire, may say to himself, "She's just having forty winks." It is very lucky for Jack; he has brought a twig of mistletoe in his pocket; and he does not scruple to surprise his darling girl, like the "Sleeping Beauty" in the fairy tale which he saw last Christmas at the theatre, with a jolly good smack of the loving lips, this time under the sanction of that mystical Christmas plant. She will start up waking, but in no displeasure—rather to enjoy the unexpected real delight of her sweetheart's presence, instead of dreaming about him, as she did a few moments since; for we see by the pictures she has hung on the kitchen wall—that of his ship, and the portrait of himself—there are sufficient tokens Jack and Mary are an honestly plighted pair of lovers; and we shall all heartily wish them a happy wedding, at no very distant day.

In connection with *Harper's Weekly*, the popular Illustrated Journal of New York, a special publication of "Christmas Pictures and Papers," consisting of three sheets made up in quarto, the pages of vast size, has this year been issued. It is to be had in London of the agents, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. The artists and literary contributors, constituting a friendly association called "The Tile Club," have each a substantial share in this venture, which seems to deserve success; and we hope there will be a sale in Europe, as well as in America. Among the writers are Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. G. W. Curtis, Mark Twain, Mr. Clarence Stedman, and other popular American literary men. The best wood engravers of the United States and some of the best designers have worked on the illustrations.

TAMING A GHOST.

A large, old-fashioned room with dark oak-panelled walls and a vast fire-place which, with its oak plaster and carvings, fills up nearly the whole side of the room, and reaches quite to the ceiling. In the fire-place a pair of bright brass dogs, supporting a huge yule-log, which sputters, and pops and bangs, and shoots out sudden flames and spurts of smoke as the heat reaches some green place in the mass. Round the fire-place a merry gathering of five girls; a comely widow who is their mother; and myself, Stephen Drew, Barrister-at-law, at your service, the only representative of the sterner sex at that fireside.

I had arrived that day at Summerton Manor to spend Christmas with Mrs. Barton, my mother's cousin, and these girls were her daughters, and consequently "a sort of cousins," which is as desirable a relationship as a young bachelor may claim in this censorious world.

We were talking of ghosts in the fitful fire-light, and I had sweepingly expressed my entire disbelief in ghosts generally; whereupon there was an indignant chorus of shocked "Ohs!" from the girls, who were clearly themselves steadfast believers. Maud, the eldest—a sweet, bright English girl, and can there be anything sweeter or brighter?—with creamy skin and soft brown hair, set off with a becoming frock of sage-green velvet—began to look mischievous.

"What would Stephen say if the ghost of the south corridor were to appear to him to-night?" she says, glancing at me with round, mock-earnest brown eyes as she speaks.

Then it comes out that they have a real live ghost (if a ghost can be said to be alive) at the manor. It appears in the form of a female figure in white, and haunts the south corridor in the small hours. At least such was the tradition among the servants. None of the girls had ever seen the apparition, though the billiard-room is at the end of the corridor, and they must have had many opportunities of meeting with her ghostship.

"Say! why he would die of fright!" Thus the chorus from the female contingent; and they laugh merrily at the amusing picture of their boastful cousin expiring in agonies of abject terror. I oppose a scornful silence to the unmanly imputation, and try my best to look sublimely indifferent.

But Mrs. Barton good-naturedly insists upon having up Mrs. Follet, the housekeeper, to tell us the story of the Summerton Manor Ghost. Maud looks at me quizzically as the old lady enters, and, dropping an elaborate curtsy, sits down at Mrs. Barton's request, and spreads out her skirts.

Mrs. Follet has been housekeeper at the Manor, Maud says, ever since the year one, and she looks like it. She is a little withered old woman, with a face like a last year's pippin, and in her highly starched cap reminds me irresistibly of one of those india-rubber heads that make such comical grimaces when you pull or squeeze them. I telegraph this idea to Maud, but that young lady suddenly assumes an air of preternatural solemnity, and shakes her head at me austere. *Varium et mutabile*, &c. The other girls look excited, and Mrs. Follet, having been made to understand what is wanted of her, begins her story.

"It is nigh on sixty years ago," she says, "in Squire Robert's time, that the Squire's younger brother came home from the Indies, as well I remember, one Christmas-time, looking that yellow and pinched he was more like a 'natomy' than an English gentleman. However, the Squire welcomed him very kindly, and all went well for a few weeks, when one evening after dinner there was a great quarrel about money—something about Mr. Richard's allowance which he had overdrawn I think—and Mr. Richard bounced out of the house in a terrible rage, saying he would be revenged and such like. And young Missie, who was then about nineteen, ran to me in my room quite frightened like, and sobbed as if her heart would break, because she said her uncle was a bad man, and she was afraid of him. Well, nothing more was heard of Mr. Richard for some time, and we all settled down quite cheerful again. Young Missie—her name was Rosa, but she always went by the name of Missie—had a lover, a Mr. Pettigrew, who owned the next property, a very nice gentleman; and the Squire had given his consent, and she was happy as the day was long. Eh! but she was a bonnie one—something like Miss Maud there!"

Here every one looks at Maud, who pretends to be overcome with bashfulness, and hides her face behind her hands, but I can see her eyes sparkling roguishly through her fingers. The old housekeeper proceeds.

"They were to have been married in the summer, and all was going on well, when one day that Mr. Richard turns up again, like an evil spirit. And what with the worry and anxiety Squire Robert soon after took to his bed and died, leaving all the property to young Missie—for there was no hen-tail, I understand—and if she died unmarried it was to go to Mr. Richard, who had three hundred pound a year out of the estate for himself. Well, Mr. Richard was very angry, for he thought his brother might have left him something more, but he was obliged to be content with what he'd got, and so he pretended to be very pleasant, and stayed on, as he said, to take care of young Missie till Mr. Pettigrew came to look after her; because, of course, the marriage had been postponed on account of the Squire's death. It was the Christmas Eve after the funeral, and Mr. Pettigrew had been dining at the house, as was his frequent custom, and after dinner young Missie went to her room to lie down. Then it seems Mr. Richard and Mr. Pettigrew got to high words over something or other, and young Missie heard them, and ran into the library to pacify them. I was sitting all alone in the housekeeper's room doing some plain sewing, when I heard a terrible shriek coming from the library—what's now the billiard-room—and I ran out to see what was the matter; and there in the south corridor I met young Missie in her white dressing-gown, looking scared, with her brown hair flying about her shoulders. 'O! O! Peggy,' she cried, 'do go in and separate them or there'll be murder!' So I looked in, and there was Mr. Richard and the gentleman struggling together, being both heated with wine and in a terrible passion. Mr. Pettigrew was the strongest of the two, and he got Mr. Richard to the door and pushed him along the corridor past young Missie and me, when suddenly Mr. Richard picked up a China vase that lay on a table near and hurled it with all his strength at the other. . . . It missed him, but"—the old lady paused to wipe her eyes—"but it struck my poor young Missie, and killed her. There was a great to do. Poor Mr. Pettigrew was frantic; and they say when he had recovered his senses he took a gun and went after Mr. Richard, who dashed out of the house as soon as he saw what he had done. Fortunately for both of them, he never caught him up. We never knew for years what had become of Mr. Richard. The Manor House was shut up; but the neighbours did say that a figure clothed in white was seen pacing the south corridor on moonlight nights and moaning. This went on for more than a year, when the ghost suddenly disappeared, and we afterwards heard that Mr. Richard had been killed that very day in a duel with Mr. Pettigrew out in the Indies, where the gentleman had sought him out."

"And has it ever been seen since?" asked one of the girls in an awe-struck whisper.

"Not by me," replied the housekeeper, "though some of the silly wenches in the kitchen will have it that they have seen it."

Mrs. Follet was then dismissed with many thanks for her interesting narrative; and we sat up talking about ghosts in general and the Summerton Manor ghost in particular until eleven o'clock. Then our party broke up, the girls and their mother retiring to their rooms, while I betook myself to the billiard-room to smoke a pipe and practise the spot stroke before I followed their example.

I had been knocking the balls about for something like an hour when I found that it was close on twelve o'clock. The house was quiet as the grave, but I thought I heard a door opening somewhere in the region of the staircase, and the foolish whim seized me to wrap myself in the white sheet which was used to cover the billiard-table, and pretend to be the ghost. Accordingly, I carefully draped myself in the folds of the sheet, and, putting out the gas, noiselessly opened the door and slipped into the corridor, where the moonlight fell in patches through the narrow windows. There was no one there, but I was sure I heard a light footfall descending the stairs at the other end, so I placed myself in a recess where I was partly hidden by an old-fashioned upright clock that stood against the wall. Peeping round this obstruction I saw a spectral figure, clad in a long white dress, appear at the opposite end, and it came towards my hiding-place with swift silent steps.

For one moment (shall I confess it?) I felt what Mrs. Follet would call "the creeps," and I began to think there might be something in ghost stories after all. But my nerves are tolerably strong, and my next impulse was to put the *revenant* to the test. Slipping noiselessly from my ambush, I drew myself up to my full height in the moonlight, with the white sheet falling in straight folds to the ground, and delivered a blood-curdling groan which would have caused any ghost that ever walked to die of sheer envy on the spot. The effect was disastrous. The other ghost turned hastily round, and, with a withering shriek, fled along the corridor. Throwing off my wrapper I bolted after it, and was just in time to clutch its arm as the figure was about to disappear through the folding-doors at the other end. The behaviour of the other ghost was not at all in accordance with the traditions of its race. Instead of transfixing me with a glassy stare as it ought undoubtedly to have done, it covered its face with its shroud and cowered down abjectly in a corner, panting. Moreover, the arm which I still held in my grasp was apparently a very plump and serviceable limb, and I could feel under my fingers what was uncommonly like a strong and rapid pulse—a little quicker just now than a normal human pulse, it is true, but not at all what one would expect to find in a ghost which was alive to its responsibilities.

"Now I'll just trouble you to explain what this means," I said, as sternly as I could.

No answer, but a shudder.

"If you don't speak I will alarm the household," I added. This threat seemed to move the ghost, which trembled violently.

Then a weak voice proceeded from the interior of the shroud:

"O! I thought it was the ghost!"

There was something in the tone that sounded familiar; and, acting at once upon the idea, I remarked, with the air of a philosopher about to work out some interesting experiment.

"I never did kiss a ghost before, but I should like to, just for once."

Then a strange thing happened. For the ghost suddenly straightened itself, and flung back its cerement with a defiant air.

"If you dare, Sir!"

And for a moment I saw a pair of flashing eyes and a rosy month, with creamy teeth; and the half-light revealed an æsthetic robe of sage-green velvet beneath the white covering. The next, her ghostship broke down and began to whimper. Now I never could bear to see a woman cry, much less a ghost; and there was nothing for it but to devote myself to soothing this disturbed spirit.

"Wh—wh—what must you th—th—think of me!" she wailed.

"Think!" I answered, gallantly, "why, that you are the most delightful ghost that ever was."

Doomed for a certain time to walk the night.

"But there *was* a ghost—didn't you see it as you came out of the billiard-room?—down there." And she pointed with trembling finger down the corridor, where in the dim moonlight I could make out my table sheet lying in a white mass.

"Yes," I answered placidly, "there were two ghosts, but the other one won't trouble you any more. Now just tell me, Miss Maud, what set you wandering about the south corridor in the moonlight?"

"I—I—," she stammered, "I only wanted to give you a little fright, Stephen—I did indeed—but when I saw that dreadful thing"—here she shuddered again and hid her face—"I felt as if I must die. Oh Stephen, did you not see it?"

"Hum!" I observed. "Well, then, it seems you tried to frighten me and got frightened yourself. It's a just retribution upon you, Maudie. But if I in my corporate form mayn't kiss a ghost, surely

Gin a spirit kiss a spirit,
Need a spirit cry?

I sang, making somewhat free with the Burnsian melody.

Then the light seemed to break upon her.

"Oh, Stephen! was it you? how horrid of you!" she exclaimed, turning rosy-red and starting back.

"Oh, Maudie! was it you? how shocking of you!" I repeated mockingly.

So we agreed to be friends again, and Maudie never tries to frighten me now—for Maudie is my wife, and knows better.

J. P. A.

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1. Inner Entrance-Hall and Grand Staircase. 2. Landing of Staircase. 3. Gymnasium. 4. Statue of John Carpenter, the Founder. 5. Committee Room. 6. Boys' Playground.



"FORTY WINKS."
DRAWN BY C. J. STANILAND.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH NAPIER, BART.

The death of this eminent lawyer, orator, and Judge, in his seventy-eighth year, took place, after a lingering illness, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, on the 9th inst. The deceased Baronet was called to the Irish Bar in 1831, and soon obtained considerable practice and a high position in his profession. He took an active part in reforming the anomalous method of "going to the bar" in those days, and in establishing the Law Institute. He was made Q.C. in November, 1844, and often appeared in important appeal cases up to the House of Lords. He was elected M.P. for Dublin University in 1848, and appointed Attorney-General for Ireland and Privy Councillor in 1852. Having already the honorary degree of LL.D. at the Dublin University, he received that of D.C.L. at Oxford in 1853; and he was chosen President of the Dublin College Historical Society in 1856. At this time he prepared several bills relating to the subject of landlord and tenant in Ireland; they were adopted by Government, but his scheme for improving the state of Ireland was not carried out in its entirety. In 1858 he was appointed Lord Chancellor for Ireland, and in the same year he was elected President of the Department of Jurisprudence of the Social Science Association. In 1866 he was made Lord Justice of Appeal, but resigned that appointment. He was created a Baronet in 1867, and was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin in the October of the same year, which he resigned in January, 1880. In 1868 he was made a Privy Councillor of Great Britain, and was in the same year constituted a member of the Judicial Committee. In 1874 he was appointed First Lord Commissioner for the custody of the Great Seal in Ireland. The deceased took a warm interest in Church matters; he served on several important commissions relating to ecclesiastical questions, and took an active part in the reconstruction of the Church of Ireland. He assisted in the management of many religious societies and philanthropic enterprises, and often advocated their claims in public. He was also a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

SIR THOMAS WATSON, BART.

Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, died at Reigate Lodge, Surrey, on the 11th inst. He was born March 7, 1792, the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Watson, sometime of Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Catton, of West Dereham, Norfolk, and received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1818 and M.D. in 1825. The following year he was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians, and President in 1862. From 1827 to 1840 he was one of the Physicians to the Middlesex Hospital, and for some time Professor of Physic in King's College, London. Afterwards he was several years Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, and in 1870 was appointed Physician in Ordinary. His "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, delivered at King's College, London," a text-book in the profession, went through five editions. In recognition of his eminent professional position and services, he was created a Baronet in 1866. Sir Thomas married, in 1825, Sarah, daughter of Mr. Edward Jones, of Brackley, county Northampton, and by her (who died in 1830), leaves one daughter and one son, now Sir Arthur Townley Watson, second Baronet.

SIR JOHN MURRAY, BART.

Sir John Murray, Bart., of Philiphaugh and Melgund, N.B., J.P. and D.L., died on the 6th inst., at his seat near Selkirk. In 1863, the gentleman whose death we record was served heir male to his kinsman, Sir Albert Joseph Murray, fifth Baronet, and he thereupon assumed the title, although we are not aware that the right has been acknowledged by Lyon King of Arms in Scotland. He was born in 1817, the eldest son of James Murray, of Philiphaugh, and the eighteenth of this family in a direct male line. He was twice married; firstly, in 1840, to Rose Mary, only daughter and sole heir of Mr. William Andrew Nesbitt, of Bombay, which lady died in 1876; and secondly, in 1877, to Charlotte Eliza, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Burgess, Rector of Ickworth, Suffolk. By his first wife, he leaves a son and heir and other issue.

THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

The Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, died on the 16th inst. His Lordship, son of Mr. William Ollivant, of Manchester, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Alderman Sir Stephen Langston, of Great Horwood, Bucks, was born Aug. 16, 1798, and educated at St. Paul's School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was formerly a Fellow. He was Craven University Scholar in 1820, sixth Wrangler and senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1821, and Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar in 1822. In 1827 he was appointed Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, and in 1843 Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. In 1849 he was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff. He married, Sept. 5, 1828, Alicia Olivia, daughter of Lieutenant-General William Spencer, of Bramley Grange, Yorkshire, and had four sons and two daughters.

COLONEL BERNARD.

Colonel Thomas Bernard, of Castle Bernard, in King's County, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county, and High Sheriff in 1837, whose death is just announced, was born in September, 1816, the eldest son of Colonel Thomas Bernard, of Castle Bernard, for more than thirty-two years M.P. for King's County, by Lady Catherine Henrietta, his second wife, sister of John, third Earl of Donoughmore. He was educated at Winchester, served as Captain in the 12th Lancers, and subsequently to his retirement from the Army, became Hon. Colonel of the third battalion Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment. Never having married, Colonel Bernard is succeeded in his extensive estates by his nephew, Captain Thomas Scrope Wellesley Bernard.

MR. NATHANIEL G. LAMBERT, OF DENHAM COURT.

Mr. Nathaniel Grace Lambert, of Denham Court, Bucks, J.P. and D.L., formerly M.P. for that county, died on the 9th inst., at his seat near Uxbridge. He was born in 1811, second son of Mr. Richard Lambert, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, by his wife, Achsah, the daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Grace. He served as High Sheriff of Bucks in 1865, and from 1868 to 1880 sat in Parliament as Knight of the Shire in the Liberal interest. Mr. Lambert married, in 1843, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wright Richards, of Rushden, in the county of Northampton, and leaves issue two daughters, Maria Achsah, wife of Lieut.-General Albert Eytche, C.S.I., of Pyrgo Park, Essex; and Anne Christina, wife of Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay, K.C.B., brother to the present Marquis of Tweeddale.

Twenty-four lives have been lost by the wreck of the barque Langrigg Hall on the Tuscar Rock, on the Irish coast. The vessel was bound from Liverpool to Calcutta.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2023.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 6th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

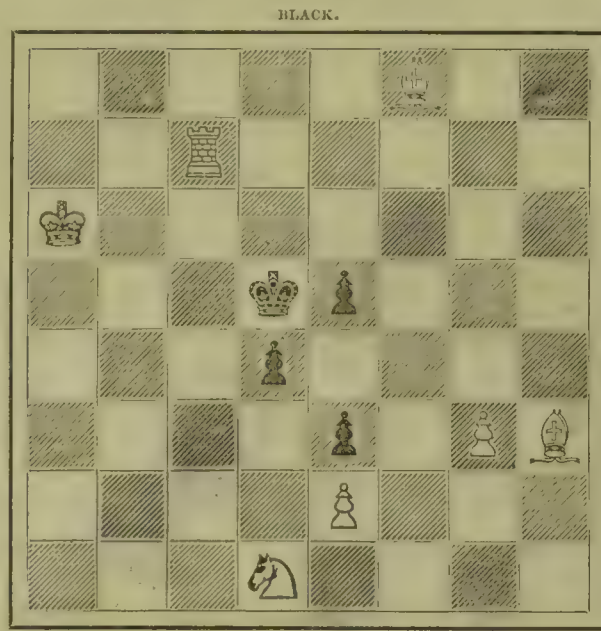
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2024.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 8th. Kt to Kt 3rd*
2. Kt to R 3rd. Kt takes Q
3. Kt to B 4th (ch). Any move
4. B mates.

* If Black play 1. P to K 3rd, White continues with 2. B takes P, and if 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch), mating in each case in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 2027.

By RUDOLF L'HEURET (Magdeburg).



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Mr. Steinitz's visit to Philadelphia has created some sensation outside American chess circles. The inevitable reporter is well in the front with paragraphs descriptive of the great chess-player's person and habits, and comparisons are freely drawn between what is called the "talent" of the German master and the "genius" of Paul Morphy. One paper observes that Herr Steinitz is "slow and deliberate in his play, and that there is no boldness, no dash resulting in brilliant surprises, but cautious and ponderous decision from first to last." As the sort of dash here inferentially commended, very often, by the discovery of its unsoundness, surprises no one more than the operator, Herr Steinitz will hardly be blamed for eschewing it in serious matches. The first of these in which Herr Steinitz has engaged, with Mr. Martinez, of Philadelphia, he has won without losing or drawing a solitary game. A clear score of seven games won in succession. Dash and brilliancy could have done no more than that, and very likely would not have done so much. It must be admitted that most of the games played in this match are lengthy and lacking in interest for the general run of amateurs. The one below, however, will be found interesting alike from its beauty and smartness:—

Sixth Game in the Match between Messrs. STEINITZ and MARTINEZ.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Herr S.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Herr S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. R takes Q	R to K 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. R to K sq	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes P
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	15. Kt takes P	Q takes P (ch)
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	16. K to R sq	Castles Q R
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	17. R takes B	P takes R
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. R to K B sq	Kt to K 5th
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	19. R takes Q	A very fine stroke!
9. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. K to Kt sq	R to Q 5th (ch)
10. P to K 5th	P takes P	21. Q takes R	Kt takes Q (dis. ch).
11. B to K 3rd	B to K 3rd		

The moves are all "look" up to this point.
If 12. B takes B, the continuation is 12. P takes B; 13. Q to Kt 2nd, Q to Q 4th, and Black has some advantage.

Chess tournaments, in which the pieces are represented by living persons in appropriate costumes, are becoming quite the vogue in this country. A few months ago the fund required for the competition of a village church in the North of England was helped by a performance of this kind, and it is now announced that one, under the auspices of the Derbyshire Chess Club, will be held at the Drill-Hall, Derby, on Jan. 10 next. The proceeds of the entertainment will be given to the Children's Hospital, and the Hon. W. M. Jervis, Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright will head the respective sides as King and Queen.

There appears to be a general impression on the part of the public that a tournament with living chess pieces is a modern conception, but that is a popular error. The 24th and 25th chapters of the fifth book of Rubelais contain a description of three games played with men and women representing the pieces, and Dr. Hyde (1694) notes that Don John of Austria had a chamber with a "chequered pavement of black and white marble, upon which living men moved, under his direction, according to the laws of chess." One of the most curious public exhibitions was the comedy of the "Game of Chess," produced at the Globe Theatre (Shakspeare's) in the year 1610, and represented nine days successively, a long run at that time. Its career was suddenly stopped when it was found that the "Fat Bishop" was a caricature of an ecclesiastic who held "two easy beggarly preferences," such as the Mastership of the Savoy and the Deanery of Windsor, and that the Black Knight was a satire upon the Ambassador from the Court of Spain to that of James the First. Not only was the play suppressed, but the unlucky author was sent to prison, and remained there for some time, obtaining his release at last by the following petition to the King:—

"A harmless game, coined only for delight,
Was played 'twixt the Black House and the White.
The White House won; yet still the Black doth brag,
They had the power to put me in the bag.
Use but your Royal hand 'twill set me free;
'Tis but removing of a man—that's me."

The "comedy," if one judge from the extracts cited by Twiss, was the merest drivel of an indecent kind, but it was brimful of reflections against the Spanish party and the Church of Rome, and secured the popular applause.

In the return-match between Messrs. Donnithorpe and Fisher, now in progress at the Divan, five games have been played, and all of them scored by Mr. Fisher.

The South Norwood Chess Club, a new association, or comparatively so, has scored a second victory against its neighbour at Croydon. In the return-match, played at the Public Hall, South Norwood, on the 12th inst., there were thirteen competitors on each side, and the home team won by ten games to six and five draws.

The handicap tourney of the City Club is drawing to a close, and the probable winners in the several sections are now clearly indicated. The Rev. J. J. Scarrill, Mr. G. A. Hooke, Mr. C. J. Wood, and Mr. J. Gladwell have won, and Messrs. B. G. Laws, H. S. Leonard, and E. P. Griffiths require only a drawn game each to secure the privilege of contesting in the final round for the seven prizes. Mr. Adamson, honorary secretary of the club, informs us that the section system has been so successful that another tournament is called for by the members, to be commenced in February next.

Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, whose original contributions to the theory of the game are well known to the chess world, visited the City Club on Friday last, where he received a hearty welcome from the president, secretary, and other officials of the club.

The chess-players of the Liberal Clubs of Peckham and Greenwich met on the 9th inst., and a closely contested match resulted in a victory for Peckham by one game only.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 19, 1881) of Mr. Hugh Hammersley, late of Craig's-court, Charing-cross, army agent, who died on Sept. 28 last, at Warren House, Combe Wood, Surrey, was proved on the 9th inst. by Arthur Charles Hammersley and Hugh Greenwood Hammersley, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Dulcibella Hammersley; he also leaves the Combe Wood Estate to her for life, and at her death to his eldest surviving son at his decease; to his daughter, Mrs. Dora Edith Campbell, £100, and he makes no further provision for her, having already sufficiently provided for her by settlement; to each of his children other than his said daughter and his sons Arthur and Hugh, £10,000, but the payment of one half thereof is postponed until the death of his wife; and legacies to his daughters' governess, and to the servants who have been two years in his service at his decease. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his two eldest sons, Arthur and Hugh.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 16, 1881), of Mr. Henry Tudor, late of No. 29, Threadneedle-street, stockbroker, and of No. 12, Portland-place, who died on July 6 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Edward Owen Tudor and the Rev. Harry Tudor, the sons, and John James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £45,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the fund for decayed members of the Stock Exchange; £200, and an annuity of £250, to his son, William Rapp Tudor; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons Edward Owen, Harry, and Hugh Owen, and his daughters, Mrs. Mary Johnstone, Mrs. Alice Sophia Sutherland Walker, and Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Skipwith; but certain advancements made to them are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1866), with a codicil (dated Aug. 8, 1878), of Mr. John Dillwyn Llewelyn, F.R.S., J.P., D.L., late of Penllergare, Glamorganshire, and of Atherton Grange, Wimbledon, who died on Aug. 24 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by John Talbot Dillwyn Llewelyn, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Emma Thomasine Llewelyn, his freehold cottage at Caswell Bay, and he makes up her annual income, together with what she will be entitled to receive under settlement, to £2000. He exercises the powers of appointment conferred upon him by settlement in favour of his daughters, Mrs. Maskeleyne, Mrs. Crichton, Miss Eleanor Amy Llewelyn, and Miss Lucy Catherine Llewelyn, and he bequeaths them such pecuniary legacies as will make up each of their portions to £15,000. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1882) of Mr. Edward Clifford, late of Albion House, St. Peter's-square, Hammersmith, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Mrs. Sarah Rossi Forbes, the daughter, Charles Edward Forbes, the son, Bingham Watson and Francis Groom, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator leaves legacies to his executors, Mr. Watson and Mr. Groom; and to the widow and children of his late brother John; and makes specific bequests of gas and railway stocks, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Hardy, and his son Charles Edward. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his three children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1878), with two codicils (dated March 21, 1879, and Oct. 6, 1882), of Miss Mary Louisa Dawkins, late of No. 6, Lansdowne-road, Wimbledon, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by William Gregory Dawkins and Robert John Porcher Broughton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing legacies to relatives, executors, and servants, leaves the residue of her personal estate between the children of the late Mr. James Duff, M.P., except his eldest son, Bernard.

The will (dated June 23, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 16, 1882), of Mr. George William Septimus Piesse, late of No. 2, New Bond-street, and of Hughenden House, Chiswick, perfumer, who died on Oct. 23 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by George Chaplin Nicholson Piesse, the son, and Mrs. Louisa Piesse, the widow, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £12,000. The testator specifically bequeaths various parts of his property and his shares in the capital and goodwill of his partnership business in favour of his wife and children, and leaves legacies to relatives and others, including £50 to his head clerk, Mr. Willmer, and three guineas to each male and female person in his own employ and in the employ of the firm of Piesse and Lubin. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 20, 1874) of the Rev. John Hebgin Etheridge, late of Littlewick House, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Oct. 2 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mrs. Elinor Frances Etheridge, the widow, Edward Etheridge, and Thomas Garneys Wales, the executors, the value of the personal estate being nearly £9000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to his wife; £50 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church Missionary Society, and the Additional Curates' Society; £50 to the clergyman and churchwardens of Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, upon trust, to distribute the interest annually at Christmas among poor widows of that parish; and legacies to his executors, Mr. Etheridge and Mr. Wales, to two godsons, and to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then for all his children equally.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1877) of the Hon. Arthur Charles Augustus Petre, late of Copfold Hall, Ingatesstone, Essex, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 25th ult. by Lady Catherine Petre, the widow and sole executrix, to whom he leaves all his property, real and personal. The personal estate exceeds £2900.

It was stated at a recent sitting of the Court of Common Council that while in 1837 the coal dues amounted to £177,000, last year they ran up to £514,777.

The Westminster play this year is "Phormio." The first of the three representations customary at the approach of the Christmas holidays was given on Thursday week in the dormitory of St. Peter's College. There were two other performances on Monday and Wednesday this week. A brilliant assemblage of visitors, and "Westminster" past and present, attended in great force on each occasion.

The question whether the London Water Companies are entitled to make their charges upon the gross value or the rateable value has been decided by the Court of Appeal in favour of the higher assessment. The Queen's Bench Division quashed an order of the justices of Marylebone requiring Mr. A. E. Dobbs to pay on the gross value; but the Lord Chief Justice, with Lords Justices Baggallay and Lindley, have overruled that decision, and given judgment upholding the contention of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company.

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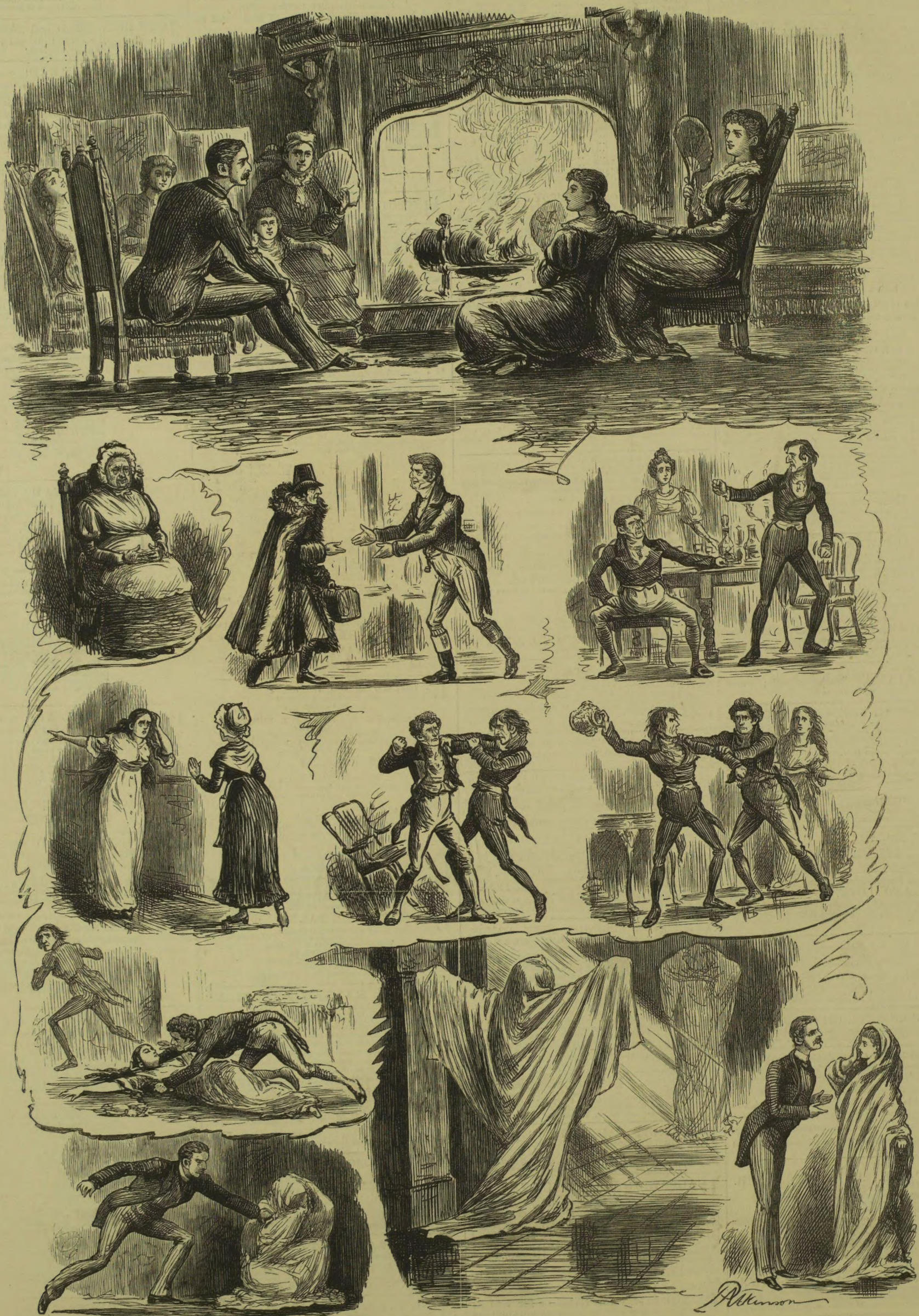
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TAMING A GHOST: A CHRISTMAS STORY.—SEE PAGE 667.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

For Christmas Presents, or New-Year's Gifts, or for those ornamental additions to the standing domestic exhibition of artistic literature upon the drawing-room table, which may well be purchased at this season, a variety of publications still remain to be noticed. Of the last-mentioned class, having no especial Christmas character, but treating of topics of standard interest, and memorials of cultivated taste, we will here first mention the new edition of a favourite treatise on a subject of classical topography, the well-known work of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, *Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical* (published by Mr. John Murray). This beautiful book, which has been admired and valued these thirty years past and more, being written at the time when its author was Head Master of Harrow School, is now revised, with notices of later discoveries, by Mr. H. F. Tozer, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, who has also written upon the geography and antiquities of Greece. The volume contains, moreover, an historical treatise upon the characters of Greek Art, by Mr. George Scharff, F.S.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery; and this may be usefully referred to in connection with Mr. W. C. Perry's recent very complete "History of Greek and Roman Sculpture," which has appeared most opportunely when the South Kensington Collections are to be enlarged by the formation of a Gallery of Casts, from all the Museums of Europe, to illustrate the whole development of that kind of ancient Fine Art. Bishop Wordsworth's scholarly work has considerable literary merits of descriptive and narrative style, as well as of archaeological research and historical criticism. It comprises, in the first chapter, a sketch of the origin and progress of Greek Art; in the second, the geographical features of that famous country; and subsequently, the particular records, monuments, poetical, historical, and biographical associations of the several Greek States and provinces—Attica, Ægina, Athens, Phocis, Locris, and Boeotia, Thessaly, Epirus, Acarnania, Ætolia, the Ionian Islands, the Peloponnesus, Messenia, Sparta, Argolis, and Corinth. It may seem doubtful whether this is the proper order in which they should be studied; but the reader can turn either to one chapter or to another for local information, after mastering the general account of Greece and of Greek civilisation in the introductory chapters. The whole work is illustrated with numerous engravings, which represent the scenery, architecture, sculpture, and costume of the ancient Greeks. With regard now to the modern Greeks, and the present condition and aspects of their land, we have to welcome a new book published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, which adds materially to our acquaintance with the subject, and which is produced in a style of superior elegance worthy of distinct recognition. *A Tour in Greece* by Mr. Richard Ridley Farrer, with above thirty drawings by Lord Windsor carefully engraved, fills a handsomely-printed volume, by means of which the reader is enabled to run over from Brindisi to Corfu, from Corfu to Athens, and there at his leisure to compare the present with the past; to make several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, then to visit Thebes, Chalcis, and different notable places in Boeotia, to explore the Phocian mountains, the district of Argolis, the valleys of Arcadia, the ruins of Olympia, and on the west coast, Pyrgos and Zante. We regret to find that Mr. Farrer and Lord Windsor encountered much that was disagreeable in travelling through the semi-barbarous rural districts; inasmuch that in the Appendix, giving practical advice to the English tourist among those Greeks of the present day, Mr. Farrer's very last word is, "Never believe any of their statements." If that be their social and moral condition, which we hope it is not, we should prefer to stay at home, and to read these two books about Greece, instead of going to visit that nation; but it is, perhaps, not quite so bad.

A subject of not less interest is treated by Mr. Leader Scott, the artist, the author of "A Nook in the Apennines," and of memoirs of Fra Bartolommeo, Ghiberti, and Donatello. It is *The Renaissance of Art in Italy* (Sampson Low and Co.), which volume, adorned and illustrated by two or three hundred engravings of various Italian works of art, is attractive in every way, and is calculated to be not less instructive when perused with due attention. We should recommend the study of this work to accompany the reading of Mr. J. Addington Symonds's important critical history of "The Renaissance in Italy," which embraces, in five volumes, the politics, the scholarship, the Fine Arts, and the Literature of that marvellous outburst of intellectual life, during the fourteenth, the fifteenth, and part of the sixteenth century, from Dante to Michael Angelo. Mr. Leader Scott has taken up, with a more special and accurate knowledge of Italian Art, of its technical qualities and specimens, that division of the Renaissance which Mr. Symonds treated in his third volume, rather from an æsthetic and purely intellectual point of view, as Mr. Pater and other writers have also done. We do not know any book so well adapted to give the tourist in Italy, or the lover of art-studies who would profit by visits to the National Gallery and South Kensington collections in London, a comprehensive acquaintance with the main characteristics of Italian Art. It is coming, in these days, to be generally understood that, in order justly to appreciate and fairly to admire the finest examples of any one branch of Art—painting, for instance—there should be some general notion of the other branches, as sculpture and architecture, and even the minor works of the medallist, the cameo-cutter, and the decorator, belonging to the same period. Mr. Leader Scott, with great truth, points out the primary importance of architecture, as the parent art, sculpture being next in the order of development, and painting a work that subsequently rises to its perfection. He shows, in like manner, when and how the arts of metal-working and mosaic, and cutting of gems, take their place in the progress of the national industry of beautiful design. The history which he relates is divided into four successive eras—the Rise of Italian Art, the Development, the Culmination, and the Decline. It is distributed, in just measure, between all the productive seats of Italian Art, Florence and other Tuscan cities, Venice, the towns of Lombardy, of Umbria, and of the Romagna; but as for Rome, once Imperial, then Papal, it is said to have been "twice the tomb of Art." This book is one of substantial merit.

A work of Egyptian archaeological research, which has both antiquarian and artistic interest, and which is furnished with costly illustrations, has lately been published by Mr. John Murray. It is entitled *The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen*. The author is Mr. Villiers Stuart, of Dromana, M.P. The subject is one of the articles found lately at Deir el Bahari, along with the large number of mummies of the ancient Pharaohs. It formed the tent-like canopy over the coffin in the funeral boat, and the queen was called Isi em Kheb. A large chromolithograph of this beautiful piece of ancient decorative art is given in the book; according to the author, it was embroidered within a century after the Trojan War, and it shows us the kind of tapestry that was in fashion twenty-nine centuries ago. Homer describes Hecuba descending to her chamber, "where were her variously-embroidered robes, the works of Sidonian females . . . Hecuba, taking one of these which

was most beauteous with various hues, and largest, brought it as a gift to Athene, and it glittered like a star." The tent of queen Isi em Kheb is quite worthy of this description of Homer's. Sidonian art, no doubt, differed considerably from what was common in Egypt, but richness of design and colour was, we may assume, a characteristic of both. This "tent" was made of leather, and all the decoration was produced by means of innumerable small pieces of coloured leather stitched over it. It may be noticed that the Tabernacle of Moses was covered with skins, and here we have found an analogous instance, which may be of value in giving us light where it is required. Mr. Villiers Stuart's book has a portion of it devoted to other Egyptian matters, and some of it deals with the late find of antiquities. The work is an appropriate pendant to "Nile Gleanings," by the same author, which we noticed at the time of its publication.

The Typographic Etching Company, of Farringdon-street (Messrs. A. and W. Dawson, managing partners), have issued a volume consisting of *Picturesque Rambles in the Isle of Purbeck*, which is styled "A Royal Warren." The author, Mr. C. E. Robinson, who has written fair poetry and has narrated "the Cruise of the Widgeon," is an agreeable as well as a correct guide through that inviting region of our southern coast; from Wareham to Corfe Castle; thence to Swanage and to Studland; afterwards round by St. Aldhelm's Head, and along the seashore; then crossing Worbarrow Bay westward to Lulworth. The etchings, of which there are ten large plates and numerous smaller pieces, are by Mr. Alfred Dawson, son of the well-known landscape painter, the late Henry Dawson, of Nottingham. The latter are executed by a new and peculiar process of the artist's invention, which is explained in Mr. Robinson's preface.

The concluding third volume of an acceptable work of local topography, which we have before noticed, *Bristol Past and Present*, is now issued by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Quay-street, Bristol (and by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard). The author, Mr. J. F. Nicholls, F.S.A., chief librarian of the Bristol Free Libraries, assisted by Mr. John Taylor, librarian of the Bristol Museum, has diligently investigated all the local antiquities of that interesting historic city of the West of England. He has produced a work of mingled description, commentary, and narrative, which contributes something to our acquaintance with the provincial features of our national history. It may, by its plan and the manner of its execution, though not by the importance of its subject, take its place after the "Old and New London" of Mr. E. Walford, and the "Old and New Edinburgh" of Mr. James Grant. The last volume is devoted to the "Civil and Modern History" of Bristol, from its memorable siege by Cromwell, in 1645, to the recent meeting of the Congregational Union there, in October of the present year.

There is no end to the attractiveness of the subject of *Picturesque Scotland* (James Sangster and Co.). Its romantic scenes and historical associations are described by Mr. Francis Watt and the Rev. Andrew Carter, with the aid of chromatic plates and a hundred wood engravings.

Coming at length to the books more obviously designed for Christmas and the reflections or congratulations of the season, we find some which present the aspects of life and nature in the light of tender sentiment; others which deal in frolicsome flights of fancy. Of the first class is *The Changing Year* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), a collection of short poems and pictures (wood-engravings) to show the different tempers of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and how they affect the trees and the flowers, the beasts, birds, and insects, but more sympathetically, the men, women, and children of this round planet, our earth, the home of life. The Religious Tract Society, which has this year published, as it fails not to do in each succeeding year, a large quantity of wholesome, pleasant, and useful literature for popular and juvenile reading, adds one more to the series of descriptive compilations, formerly edited by the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Manning. Upon this occasion, Dr. James Macaulay, M.D., the able editor of the *Leisure Hour*, has put together an attractive book of *Sea Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil*, forming a companion to the "English Pictures," "French Pictures," "American Pictures," "Indian Pictures," the German, Swiss, and Spanish, the "Bible Lands," "Those Holy Fields," and "The Land of the Pharaohs." Prose and verse, partly consisting of choice passages from standard authors, supply a commentary on the subjects of the engravings, which are, of course, not very new, but are worthy of reproduction. Another recent publication of the Religious Tract Society is the volume entitled *Historic Landmarks of the Christian Centuries*, by Richard Heath, who relates, for each centennial period since the birth of Christ, some events or passages of history, indicating the state of mankind then, to show the gradual progress of human improvement, under the influence of true religion. But we may be able to notice, at leisure, a much more important new work, pursuing this most profitable line of thought; the "Gesta Christi; or, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity," by Mr. C. Loring Brace, which has been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and which is a learned philosophical treatise. Mr. Richard Heath's writing has no merits of research or literary excellence, but the orthodoxy of his views will be a recommendation to a large class of readers.

In the department of amusing invention there are still traces of the abiding popularity of Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and its sequel. It appears that there is more than one Alice in the field of fantastic fiction, though we take leave to say Mr. Carroll's own Alice is quite inimitable. *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, by Mrs. Kate Freiligrath-Kroecker, comes legitimately and honourably into the world, the authoress having obtained Mr. Carroll's express permission. It is no imitation of his second tale, bearing a nearly similar name, but is a set of fairy plays for children, further including "Dame Holle," "Princess and White Wolf," and "King Thrushbill." They partake, as might be expected, of a German romance character, but strongly flavoured with innocent satire, which most of our little girls are disposed to like. The publisher is W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. Miss Alice Corkran, in the *Adventures of Mrs. Wishing-to-Be* (Blackie and Son), has inhaled and re-distilled the humorous imaginative spirit of many old fairy-tales; the very figures and actions of which, in a dream-like medley, haunt the visions of the childish heroine, Dodo or Dolly, who is called "Mrs. Wishing-to-Be" for her propensity to strange aspirations. The pictures are few, but designed with some power. Another "Child's Romance," by Mr. Sydney Hodges, who wrote, "Among the Gibjigs," is a sequel to that one, and is entitled *Among the Wobblins* (Remington and Co.). It is Chuffy, with his little sister Tumpy, who goes among that queer nation of harmless ridiculous elves. They meet with formidable giants, who look fierce enough in some of the clever drawings by Horace Petherick. *The Prince of the Hundred Soaps* (T. Fisher Unwin, publisher) is a short Italian story, translated by Vernon Lee, a writer hitherto better known for criticism of art and music; but the original is stated to be an unpublished German manuscript. Vernon Lee's introduction, giving some

personal account of the real author, Herr Wesendonk, formerly a resident in Rome, and there nicknamed by the children "Mangia-Zucchero," is not less interesting than the whimsical story itself. The Prince in question is the Magnifico Pantalone Busdrago, Doge of Bobbio in 1695, who was bound by the laws of that commonwealth to eat of a hundred different kinds of soup, each prepared after a secret recipe by the sworn official cook. Returning now to the realities of social life in our own age and country, we meet with a pleasant narrative of ladylike adventure in *Our Sketching Tour*, by Two of the Artists (Griffith and Farran, publishers). The five fair members of this travelling Sketching Club, who call themselves, very prettily, Ivy, Ella, Claudia, Imogen, and Myra, under the superintendence of an elderly chaperon, Miss Chester, start from London—we should have liked to see them get into the train—for a roundabout excursion to Oxford, Worcestershire, and several shires of the West and South of England, to the Channel Islands, and to Devonshire, spending two bright summer months in in free maidenly enjoyment of Art and Nature. There is much girlish fun in the party, and a frequent by-play of very proper flirtation, as brothers and male cousins, and other eligible young gentlemen, contrive to fall in with the wanderers here or there. The sketches are rather carelessly drawn, but their interest is subordinate to that of the characters, sayings, and doings, of the five young ladies themselves.

It will be remembered that, at this time last year, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. issued a charming book in colours representing the doings of children "At Home." The same firm has this year published a companion volume, entitled *Aboard*, describing what the children saw, said, and did during a trip on the Continent. The pictures and ornamental borders are by Thomas Crane and Ellen Houghton, and the descriptive verses are by various writers. As a record of an actual journey to Paris, Rouen, Caen, Boulogne, and Calais, the book is a most delectable treat for the young folks. The family of Crane are well known to possess hereditary gifts of artistic talent which have been generally recognised. We may just mention here, though such a work cannot be fitly or adequately examined in this place, a volume of six lectures on *Art and the Formation of Taste* (Macmillan and Co.) delivered by the late Miss Lucy Crane, who died last March, to classes of young ladies in different places, and now printed with illustrative drawings by her brothers, Thomas and Walter Crane. Their father, the late Thomas Crane, was a portrait-painter and miniature-painter of some repute, and some time acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Liverpool Academy. These lectures show much accurate knowledge and literary ability, and Miss Crane's untimely death is a loss to the study of art, more especially among her own sex. Mr. Walter Crane has designed, for the colour-printing of Mr. Edmund Evans, a series of beautiful illustrations to *Pan Pipes*, a Book of Old Songs, newly arranged with musical accompaniments by Theodore Marzials, which is published by G. Routledge and Sons. Besides this publication we may notice *Cradle Songs of Many Nations* (Ward, Lock, and Co.), the music by Reinhold L. Herman, the illustrations by Walter Satterlee; which is a collection of extensive research, and of considerable ethnological interest, as well as simply pleasing, and endearing to the lover of baby minstrelsy. To the lover of babies, in general, we can recommend some other new things; here is *Wee Babies*, printed in colours from Ida Waugh's vigorous and agreeable designs, with poetry by Amy Blanchard (publishers, Griffith and Farran); and here, from the same publishers, we have Miss Clarkson's very beautiful drawings, exquisitely colour-printed, of nude infants, flowers, birds, and butterflies, with accompanying verses, all under the title, *Fly Away Fairies and Baby Blossoms*. Another charming nursery book, got up with much artistic taste and skill, is produced by Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of Jewin-street; with the enigmatic name, *Sixes and Sevens*, but composed of verses by F. E. Weatherly, and illustrations by June M. Dealy. As leading publishers of this class of books, Messrs. Dean and Son, F. Warne and Co., G. Routledge and Sons, and Marcus Ward and Co., have again successfully catered for the entertainment of young children. Our limited space, however, and the short remaining time before Christmas, forbid the attempt to describe any more of the kind.

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, 1883.

This handsome volume of 1744 pages is not only a perfect record of all the existing members of the titled ranks within her Majesty's Dominions, but is also a compendium of the biographies of the great men who make up the history of our country. An historical reader cannot thoroughly understand the events of various epochs without knowing something of the chief actors in them. And where can he find this information in so available a form as in the work before us? Plantagenet, Nevill, Percy, Howard, Talbot, Cecil, Russell, Hamilton, FitzGerald, Douglas, and hundreds of other mighty names fill our annals, and to the history of each Sir Bernard Burke devotes the most careful attention. At a glance, a student can identify the personages about whom he is reading. In point of fact, "Burke's Peerage" has become an indispensable companion to all classes. It is as useful to the lawyer, the historian, the professional man, and the genealogist as it is essential and interesting to all those who move in society or wish to be informed of the incidents of the upper ten thousand.

During the past year, small has been the increase, and still smaller the decrease in Peerage dignities. Only one title, Netterville, has fallen off, while four new dignities have been created. To the coronets won in war two have been added—Wolsey and Alcester, and two peerages and one promotion have been granted to the Law. The very eminent Judges, Sir George Bramwell and the Right Hon. J. D. FitzGerald, have been summoned to the House of Lords, and the Lord Chancellor raised to an earldom. Fourteen peers have died since Dec. 1, 1881—viz., the Duke of Grafton, Marquis Conyngham, the Earls of Lonsdale, Wilton, Berkeley, and Harrowby, Viscount Netterville, and Lords Erskine, Keane, Lurgan, Robertes, Chesham, Tenterden, and Berwick. Within the same period twenty-eight Baronets passed away, among whom were Sir Robert Christison and Sir Thomas Watson, the distinguished physicians; Sir Andrew Buchanan, the diplomatist; and Sir George Grey, the well-known statesman, the friend and contemporary of Palmerston, Melbourne, and Russell. Two baronetcies have become extinct—Threipland and Gilpin; and thirteen baronetcies have been created—viz., Phillimore, Sullivan, Vivian, Matheson, Milbank, Bass, Pease, Lawes, Adam, Marling, Freake, Ellis, and Clarke.

In conclusion, we can add that the minutest care has obviously been bestowed on the present edition of "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage."

Messrs. Ward and Lock have brought within the compass of one volume, bound in cloth, a complete reprint of the elder Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," with a portrait of the author, and a copious index.



THE DESERTER.

DRAWN BY F. DADD.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

When all their rural haunts, woodland and coppice, field and me, vale and river-side, are shrouded in Winter's cold embrace, whose heart is not touched with pity as he thinks of the little feathered things that sang to us so blithely in the days of sunshine and greenwood trees? Universal gloom and desolation meet us everywhere:

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.

And yet, spite of the deathlike stillness which pervades the country side, we have in our midst, even now in this month of frosts and snows, at least half of the downy creatures that erst delighted us with their simple but touchingly tender melodies. True the warblers proper have all left us; they went with the swallows soon after the departure of the faithless cuckoo. But we have still with us those sweet singers, the thrush, blackbird, redbreast, wren, skylark, linnet, and all the family of finches; and, besides these choristers, many a downy thing with no pretension to voice, which nevertheless we love for its pretty self and for its pretty ways—such, for instance, as the little blue tit.

But where are they all? Can they find any shelter or sustenance in the leafless woods and naked hedgerows? Have the stubble fields and cold brown fallows—if, indeed, the brown earth be not altogether hidden by the colder snow—any charm now for our fragile little friends? Let us enter this drear retreat of the Dryads—who surely, by-the-by, must have slipped away with the nightingale and the blackcap—and see whether there be any bird-life where all seems dead and forsaken. These old oaks, stately and beautiful beyond compare when arrayed in their summer verdure, look woefully forlorn now, with a thin layer of snow trying to hide their cold, bare limbs: is it possible they will ever be green again? But, stay, what is that tapping high up in the main stem of this ancient elm?—ah, it is the green woodpecker who is driving his hard, wedge-shaped bill into some decayed wood.

And there, running up the trunk of yonder beech, is a small mouse-like thing, which is a near relative of the woodpecker, though not half its size and with nothing like its beauty of plumage; it is the creeper, one of the most modest and retiring little birds we have. And here, peering doubtfully at us from the side of the glade we are traversing, is a male bullfinch. He cannot now elude our attention, as he does in his leafy summer bowers. Higher up in the tree is his life's partner. She is much less conspicuous than he, for her poll is not jet-black like his, and her breast lacks the deep red of her handsome mate. Poor little things, it is too cold for them to be here; but they will probably be off to the nearest garden or orchard soon; for, fond as they are of deepest recesses of greenwood shades in summer, they come, like many other birds, closer to our dwellings in winter.

No, this cold naked wood is by no means devoid of life. We have flushed several pheasants, and the plaintive cooing of the ring-dove, more plaintive and more subdued than in summer, has helped to break the deathlike stillness. But the cooing of the wood-pigeons must have been a mistake; perhaps we frightened them, for the cooing is rarely heard in winter. There was no mistake, however, about another bird-voice we heard a few minutes ago on the outskirts of the wood—the loud defiant song of the mistle-thrush, also known as the 'stom-cock,' because, forsooth, the splendid creature sings, not in the gentle spring-time, when every other bird is singing its little heart out, but amid the winds and driving snows of winter. Titmice, too, by the dozen, a nuthatch, a pert magpie, some robins, and a charming little goldcrest have helped to make our stroll through these wintry glades anything but dreary.

Of our resident birds none are more interesting to watch, in their incessant gambols and winsome waywardness, than the titmice. They are not at all shy, and now that the branches and twigs they caper over are bare we can see the delicately beautiful plumage of these wonderful little gymnasts to much greater advantage than in summer—the yellow and black of the great tit or "oxeye," the paler yellow and azure blue of the exquisite little blue tit, and the dainty markings of those rarer species—the marsh tit, the cole tit, and the long-tailed tit. Pretty, restless mites!—twisting, tumbling, suspended to a twig head downwards, fluttering, creeping, running along the branches, they are never still until night calls them to repose. Woods, plantations, hedgerows, orchards, and gardens are alike their home; but in severe weather they come nearer to the habitations of man.

The shrubberies, which give such an air of warmth and comfort to most country houses, are largely resorted to in the winter months by many of the stay-at-homes. Amongst the dark perennial foliage of the evergreens we are sure to get a glimpse every now and then of the throats of the pardal, and, but more fleetingly, we catch the timid, wistful glance of the shy and ever watchful blackbird. Several of the finches, too, seek shelter now among the kindly unbrage of the evergreen oak and yew, and where hollies and laurels help to screen them from the wind and snow. Here we find the greenfinch and the bachelor chaffinch, which latter handsome little creature, although he associates with buntings and other species of his kind, keeps during the winter months persistently away from his mate. But the grand winter resort of the finches is the farm-yard. Round the hay-stacks and corn-ricks, and barns and cattle-sheds, we find a miscellaneous assemblage of yellowhammers, buntings, chaffinches, sparrows, greenfinches, linnets, and goldfinches; with others of the passerine order, such as robins, tits, and wagtails.

We have included the robin among our winter farmyard birds. But where shall we not find this most engaging of all our feathered friends? In the lane, in the stackyard, in our gardens, whether town or country, and, when the snow comes, on our window-sills and door-steps, and even in our rooms if we give the trustful darling the least encouragement. His sweet song may be heard even yet. We have heard him on a Christmas morning, when fields and lanes were inches deep in snow, and trees and hedges drooped beneath a weight of feathery crystals, carol forth his Christmas hymn as joyously as if it were the opening day of spring. Blessed bird! no wonder the country people still believe in the legend of the Cross and his blood-stained breast. But he is always lovable, no matter what the time of year. Without being a handsome bird, he is yet so neat in shape, in all his actions has such a pretty sprightliness, looks at us askance with eyes so bright and wistful, and, above all, is so charmingly confident that we will not hurt him—we could not choose but love him, even were his voice less sweet. But when we hear that rich, clear voice, and see the sweet owner of it eyeing us with perfect trustfulness, his sober olive-brown and ruddy breast assume a beauty which we would not change for the richest plumage of the tropics.

And besides Robin's, there is another bird-voice which may be heard amidst frost and snow, provided the sky be tolerably clear and there be no wind. The wren's. And a very sweet voice it is. Poor little mites! They must find it difficult to keep their tiny bodies warm enough. But, happily, wrens are sociable in their ways, several roosting close together when the nights are very cold—in the hollows of old and decayed

tree-roots, in ivy-covered walls, among rubbish-heaps, and not infrequently in the old nest.

We alluded just now to the goldfinch being found in the farm-yard in winter; but not nearly so much as the other finches. This beautiful bird is of a roving disposition. Like the linnet, he is a wanderer, except at the nesting season. Tangled hedgerows, if there be plenty of docks and thistle-down, commons, and wild weedy pastures are where we find him most. The poor persecuted starling is also a wanderer; but, instead of roaming the desolate fields in pairs or in little parties of six to a dozen, like the goldfinch, the flocks of starlings number generally several hundred. The starling, however, is always gregarious; the skylark, another bird of the open fields, is only so in winter.

On the lonesome moor, no matter how deep the snow, we may, if we care to travel thither, still find the smartly-dressed little stonechat—a bird of the redbreast kind—braving the wintry rigour of his upland wastes as fearlessly as the grouse himself; not, however, in flocks, but in solitary loneliness. Another solitary little creature, haunting the neighbourhood of the moorlands, or rather the rocky bed of the torrents that come rushing down from the hills above, is the dipper or water-ousel, who clings as lovingly to his watery haunts amidst rocks encased in dripping icicles as when the summer sun was shining. Fortunately for this little water thrush his streams are generally too boisterous to freeze all over. Other resident water birds there are, however, whose haunts are the softly-flowing rivers of the lowlands; with them, alas! a hard frost too often means death—the kingfisher, for instance. Some of our water birds, and indeed many which are not aquatic in their habits, seek a precarious existence on the seashore when the weather is very severe. But wherever they are, by the sad sea waves or the river's frozen marge, in lane or field, on the trackless moor, in the woodlands or the shrubberies of our gardens, it must be hard to keep their fragile bodies warm enough when the snow comes down and "when the stormy winds do blow."

Broadstairs, December, 1882.

W. OAK RIND.

NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Macmillan, under the heading "English School Classics," recently published some of Goldsmith's essays, selected and edited by Mr. C. D. Yonge. The little book proved a delightful reading, as was indeed inevitable, for Goldsmith, as we all know, touched nothing he did not adorn; but the editor's share in the work was far from faultless. Inaccuracies which should have been avoided by careful revision deformed the pages. The same remark applies to another volume of the series under the charge of the same editor, *Essays of John Dryden, Selected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes*. Mr. Yonge is a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and is also a Professor of English Literature. We doubt not he deserves the honours he has received. His acquirements are ample, and his critical judgments generally sound; but in a School Classic accuracy is indispensable, and a hasty glance over these pages shows that accuracy is wanting. The Professor's grammar is not always correct; we sometimes find the noun in the singular and the verb that follows it in the plural; his spelling is careless and uncertain—why Achitophel, after Bible fashion, should be invariably spelt without the *e* we cannot divine, since we believe it was never so spelt by the poet; and if Mr. Yonge elects to spell judgment with the *e* after the manner of old writers, he should be consistent throughout. It is also advisable to quote correctly. In a passage taken from "The Bride of Abydos" we find four blunders, or three if the omission of a line was intentional; in another passage of four lines there is only one, yet, slight though it be, the first line of the four is so familiar to readers of Pope that we should have thought a mistake impossible. "Nought to admire is all the art I know" sounds strangely to the ear. And Lord Macaulay would not have thanked Mr. Yonge for making him write nonsense, as he is forced to do upon page 207, where the essayist is quoted as saying that the sculptor can imitate every form, instead of *only* form, and that the painter supplies the actor with words. And why is a name so well known as Sir Matthew Hale more than once misspelt "Hales"? We agree with the editor that it is not easy to make a selection from Dryden's prefaces and essays; so good are they and so varied. The three selected by Mr. Yonge, on Satire, on Translation, and the Parallel between Poetry and Painting, rank with the best, but we greatly doubt if they will interest young readers. In his criticisms Mr. Yonge is, as we have said, usually discriminative, but we have rarely met with a more misleading statement in "a school classic" than the following:—"Good sense is, wherever it exists, both more conspicuous in, and more essential to, prose than poetry, inasmuch as prose is destitute of that metrical rhythm and variegated embellishment with which verse can often conceal or disguise poverty or incorrectness of thought." Does Mr. Yonge know, we are tempted to ask, what Poetry is? Enough for us to assert what it is not, and that the "metrical rhythm" which disguises "poverty or incorrectness of thought" has no claim to such a title.

Mr. George Halse, sculptor and author, has many gifts at his disposal, and a new volume from his pen, entitled *A Salad of Stray Leaves*, with a frontispiece by the late Hablot K. Browne (Longmans), is amusing enough to brighten the sunless hours of a dreary November day. The "ingredients" of the "salad" consist of melodramatic tales mixed with lively or serious verses. The writer has a command of language, a quickness of invention, and a love of fun which in some instances is boyish in its mirth. "How I Slew Bluebeard and Escaped Capital Punishment" might have been written in his school-days; but his *alla podrida* has at least the merit, and it is not a small merit, of affording innocent amusement. "My Friend the Major," "A Fool's Story," "Jeremiah Lillyboy," and "Lot 94" are extravagant enough in incident to be termed farcical; but while reading these tales we laugh with the author, and not at him. The book, in short, corresponds to its title, and, although Mr. Halse is scarcely correct in saying that "no individual element preponderates" in his salad, its characteristic flavour is likely to be relished by the public. The frontispiece not only illustrates the character of the letterpress, but possesses a special interest as being the last design executed by "Phiz."

In his edition of *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (2 vols., Reeves and Turner) Mr. Buxton Forman has done for the poet what had never been done before, by presenting his works in a form at once cheap and elegant. The standard library editions of Shelley are of course large and costly; the popular editions are either in small type, or in double columns, or on inferior paper, or otherwise unworthy of the transcendent beauty of the contents. Mr. Forman's volumes are of handy dimensions, his paper is good, his type bold and clear, and the accuracy of his text is sufficiently guaranteed by its being a reprint of his library edition. Shelley's own prefaces and notes are given, but there is no other commentary except Mr. Forman's critical preface. The juvenile poems and the notes to "Queen Mab" might well have been spared, but their insertion was probably deemed essential to the completeness of the edition.

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

One of the pleasing characteristics of the present season are the many opportunities which it affords for social merriment and enjoyment. That it was regarded as such, by our forefathers, is evident from the numerous observances which were, in days gone, so enthusiastically kept up in our own and other countries. Times, however, have changed, and Christmas is no longer marked by those festive and jovial old customs, of which Sir Walter Scott has bequeathed us such a graphic account in his "Marmion":—

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas brouched the mightiest tale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Indeed, the same feeling seems to have pervaded all classes of society, and from the palace to the cottage every effort was made to do honour to—

the happy night
That to the cottage, as the Crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

To investigate the origin and history of many of our Christmas customs, it would be necessary to wander back to that period before St. Augustine preached the doctrines of Christianity to the men of Kent, and to trace their connection with the numerous old Pagan rites and ceremonies which, partly derived from the Roman Saturnalia, had become intermingled with the customs so rigidly observed by the British Druids. Thus the old yule-log, concerning which Herrick has written in such inspiring strains, is probably a remnant of the sacrificial feast of Jutul, or, according to Mr. Fosbroke, a counterpart of the midsummer fires, made within doors on account of the cold weather. Various rites attended the lighting of this signal for the Christmas merry-makings; one special rule being that it should be ignited with a brand of the last year's block, preserved for this purpose; whereas those who attended to it were thus enjoined:—

Wash your hands, or die the fire
Will not attend to your desire:
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire though ye blow.

In the West of England the ashen faggot is still burnt, and in honour of the occasion a band of mummers occasionally present themselves, enlivening the scene by their grotesque garments and quaint antics. As an accompaniment to the yule-log, the Christmas candle was formerly lighted; and, at the present day, yule candles are in the North of Scotland given by tradesmen to their customers. Once upon a time, too, children at the village schools in Lancashire were required to bring each a mould candle before breaking up for the Christmas holidays—a practice which has long fallen into disuse. Although, of late years, the custom of mumming has been revived, yet in days of old it was carried to an extravagant height—a "Lord of Misrule" being appointed to arrange and preside over these revels. Thus Stow tells us how, "in the feast of Christmas there was in the King's house, or wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or master of merry disports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London and either of the Sheriffs had their several Lords of Misrule." In these mummeries, the chief aim was to surprise by the oddity of the masques and singularity of the dresses—everything being out of nature and propriety. Some, for instance, were disguised like bears, and others like unicorns, whereas those who could not afford masks rubbed their faces with soot, or painted them. At the Christmas banquet, in the after-dinner gambols, we are told how—

Hobby-horse midst loud applause,
Came prancing on his hinder paws,
Then, too, came "the merry maskers in."

In some cases the mummers performed a kind of rude play, exhibiting the old dance of St. George and the Dragon; and in Oxfordshire they went about singing a doggerel of this kind—

A merry Christmas and a happy new year,
Your pockets full of money, and your cellars full of beer.

Referring to other old customs, Aubrey informs us that in this country it was the practice for the maid-servant to ask the man for ivy to decorate the house, and, if he refused or neglected to do so, the maids stole a pair of his breeches and nailed them up to the yard-gate. A similar usage prevailed in other places, when disobedience incurred the penalty of being debarred from the well-known privilege of the mistletoe. In order that none might oversleep themselves on Christmas morning, it was customary in many places for the town-crier to go round and proclaim the hour; and at Bewdley, in Worcestershire, he sang the following rhyme:—

Arise, mistress, arise,
And make your tarts and pies,
And let your maids be still;
For if they should rise and spoil your pies,
You'd take it very ill.
Whilst you are sleeping in your bed,
I the cold wintry nights must tread,
Past twelve o'clock, Ehe!

Some years ago, it was the custom in the North of England for children to perambulate the streets, carrying what they called a "Wesley-bob." This was made of holly and evergreens, like a bower, inside of which were placed a couple of dolls. In some places this is known as the "Vessel-cup," the bearer on reaching a house singing the well-known carol of the "Seven Joys of the Virgin." It is considered unlucky to send anyone away unrequited, and few can be found bold enough to refuse a small gratuity to the singer.

Again, many of the old Christmas charities were curious. Thus, the inhabitants of North Clifton, Nottinghamshire, were formerly ferry free. In consequence, the ferryman and his dog were indulged at Christmas with a dinner each at the Vicar's. The ferryman also on that day received of the inhabitants a loaf of bread. Again, at West Hatch, Somersetshire, the bailiff to the manor provided at the lord's expense a feast on Christmas Day, and distributed to each householder a loaf of bread, a pound and a half of beef, and the like quantity of pork. Formerly, also, at Hawstead, Suffolk, the customary tenants paid their lord at Christmas a small rent, called "Offering Silver." Until the year 1813 a bull and baw, sack of wheat, and a sack of malt were given away to the poor by the lord of the manor of Prince's Risborough about six o'clock every Christmas morning. Many of these old charities have been discontinued, and an equivalent in money distributed. In years past, in the North of England, a series of "Honey Fairs" were held about a week before Christmas, in which dancing formed the chief amusement.

An exhibition of great practical usefulness is on view at No. 101, Cannon-street, the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It is a collection of the cereals, grasses, seeds, &c., of the North-west of Canada and Manitoba, together with specimens of woods and minerals, and samples of the soil. These have been collected and arranged by Mr. Begg, a gentleman from Manitoba, who is on a visit to this country as a Land and Immigration Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The collection shows the fertility of the soil.